

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

From Chambers' Journal.

"SIX MONTHS AT GRAEFENBERG."

THIS is a somewhat curious production,* purporting to be an account of a water-cure performed by the celebrated Priessnitz, and we bring it under the notice of our readers, in order that they may know something of this modern heresy in therapeutics. The author, Mr. H. C. Wright, a devout believer in the water-cure, is, we presume, a citizen of the United States, where, as well as in England and Scotland, he has spent twelve years in making addresses to the public, for the promotion of Sunday Schools, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, and Peace; from which we may understand that he is an enthusiast in carrying out to a practical issue the theories and opinions which he adopts. Besides lecturing on the above topics, Mr. Wright tells us that for fifteen years he had drunk nothing but cold water; no alcoholic liquors, fermented or distilled, no tea, no chocolate, no warm drink of any kind, had passed his lips during that time; neither had he indulged in tobacco in any form. He had further been exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, from 100 degrees above, to 10 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) by night and by day, by land and by sea. For the sake of invigoration, he accustomed himself to bathe and wash himself in cold water every morning. Notwithstanding all these precautions, his labors affected his lungs, and for three years he took great care of himself, by using flannel next the skin, fur or wool mufflers round the neck, besides otherwise averting the effects of cold. All would not do; medical advisers said his lungs were ulcerated; he had a dry and painful cough; and, in short, he was in a very bad way. Thus knocked up in health, he bethinks himself of proceeding to Graefenberg, in Silesia, there to put himself under the care of Priessnitz, the originator and head of the water-cure system.

He arrived at Graefenberg on the 9th of January, 1844, along with two companions, and, as the main building was full, he got an apartment in a neighboring house. "We were," says he, "to pay three and a half florins, or seven shillings British, per week, for the use of the room, and for firewood, until the 1st of March; at which season the increased demand for lodgings, occasioned by the greater influx of guests, generally raises the rent of the lodgings. Our room was furnished with a tile stove, which was of course a fixture; three deal bedsteads, which were simply oblong boxes on legs, without hangings above or below; a sofa covered with leather; a small mirror; a clumsy washing apparatus of coarse earthenware; with tables, chairs, chests of drawers made of unpainted deal. The furniture in all the lodging-houses is of the very simplest construction. We engaged a bade-diener, or bath-man, to take care of our room,

make our fire, and attend us in our baths, for one florin or two shillings per week. We then hired our beds and bedding by the week, purchased blankets, sheets, and bandages, and bespoke our board in the saloon, or great dining-hall in Priessnitz's establishment, for which we were each to pay nine shillings per week.

"As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the saloon, which is the great centre of reunion, gossip, and social intercourse for the cure-guests, I may as well describe it here. The saloon is a large and lofty room, about one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It is plainly ceiled, and the walls are white-washed. In the centre of the west end is the entrance-door, over which is the orchestra for the musical performers at the dinners on Sunday, and at the entertainments occasionally given by the guests. The east end opposite to the entrance is furnished with a portrait of the emperor, and is lighted by four windows in two rows, one above the other. There are also two rows of eight windows each on the south, and two rows of four windows each on the north side. The end of the saloon next the door is occupied with rows of plain deal tables, extending about half way down the length of the room, at which the guests take their meals. These can be laid out to accommodate three hundred guests, but the greatest number who sat down together during my stay did not exceed two hundred. Priessnitz presides at the first of these tables, and it is here that he is generally consulted by such of his patients as board in the saloon. The lower end of the room below the tables is surrounded by sofas, and furnished with several large mirrors, and with a piano. The vacant space between the sofas and the ends of the tables, as well as the space between and around the tables, is used as a lounge and promenade. The saloon is hung round with the flags of fifteen different nations, which have sent patients to Graefenberg. Nowhere will you find a greater variety of character within a small space, than in the saloon at Graefenberg. Attracted thither in search of health from all parts of Christendom, upwards of one hundred individuals sit down to table daily, and the diversity of language, costume, complexion, and manners, may be imagined. Materials for romance, and subjects of absorbing interest to the observer of human nature, lie thickly around you in this little republic—this pure democracy in the midst of a pure despotism. The patients looked so healthy, and ate so heartily, that our first impression was, that there must be some mistake, and that these persons could not be on the sick list. We supped amongst them on the evening of our arrival, and made our arrangements to have an interview with Priessnitz on the following day."

Priessnitz having examined him, and given directions to his bade-diener, or attendant, how he should be treated, the process of cure commences. It was on the 12th of January, when the thermom-

* In one volume. London: Charles Gilpin. 1845.

eter was nearly at zero, that the first movement was made. "All my flannels were laid aside; my silk, cotton, worsted, and fur mufflers were thrown off. I was ordered two leintuchs (wet sheets) daily, one at five in the morning, the other at five in the evening, with a cold bath after each. At first, for about a week, I took the abgeschrecktebad (tepid shallow bath) instead of the cold bath, after the leintuch. At eleven, A. M., I had a sitzbad (sitting bath) for fifteen minutes. I wore the umschlag (a damp bandage covered by a dry one) round my body, and changed it four times a day. Every morning before breakfast, be the weather ever so inclement, I walked four, six, or sometimes eight miles, and drank six or eight tumblers of cold water. I also took a walk after the sitzbad and evening leintuch, to excite reaction. This treatment lasted for three months. I afterwards took the douche or waterfall bath once a day, and instead of the evening leintuch and cold bath, two abreibungs (wet-sheet baths) at intervals of an hour."

This perpetual wrapping in wet sheets, rubbing, plunging into ice-cold baths, and exposure in all weathers, was trying, and sometimes painful—the very thoughts of the cold-plunge bath, when lying in bed in the morning, being horror; but the effects were not of the deadly kind, which might have been anticipated. "From the first," continues our author, "I found the cure exceedingly stimulating. The various external and internal applications of cold water, the out-door exercise and pure air, which in my walks I allowed to circulate about my neck, throat, and chest as much as possible, had, during the first three months, a most invigorating effect. A rash appeared upon my neck, chest, and shoulders, and around my body under the umschlag, and was rather annoying, from the burning and itching which it occasioned. My cough ceased; I had a voracious appetite; I found that my breathing grew deeper, stronger, and easier, and that I could climb the mountains more rapidly, and with less panting."

"But a painful change was at hand. About the first of April all my joints, and especially my knees, began to grow stiff, sore, and weak; walking became painful; and after sitting a few moments, I found it difficult to straighten my knees. I became gloomy and disheartened, but was assured by those about me that these were favorable symptoms, being evidences that the cure was taking effect. The whole surface of my body, even my hands and face, became very sensitive to the touch of cold water. It seemed as if my nerves were laid bare. I had a perfect horror of cold water—a kind of hydrophobia. As the spring advanced, and the weather grew milder, but damper, the cure became more intolerable. I found the damp weather of April and May far worse than the cold of January and February. I became afflicted with acute and throbbing pain in my teeth, jaws, and face, for which I was directed to rub the back of my head, and my neck and face, with my hands wet in cold water. I was also ordered to rub my knees frequently in the same way. This was the crisis; and for some weeks I was as miserable as the most enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure could desire. Indeed I was often congratulated on my misery, which was regarded as the prelude to a speedy cure. At the close of April I had boils on my arms, hands, fingers, and chin, and nearly all over my body. They suppurated and discharged; and during the month of May they all healed; and none have since ap-

peared." And so the cure was completed. While it was going on, "nothing surprised me more than the perfect safety with which I cast away my comfortable warm flannels and mufflers. A terrible cold upon my lungs, and an increase of cough, were the least that I expected; but I was agreeably disappointed. In my walks, for three months, I had no hat or cap on my head, no handkerchief around my neck, not even my shirt collar buttoned. My clothes have often been completely drenched with snow and rain, and my hair filled with snow; but I have not had the slightest cold upon my lungs, nor any which a leintuch or one night's rest has not cured. My only remedy has been to take an abreibung, and put on dry clothes, on returning to my room to take off my wet clothes. This simple process has not only saved me from taking cold, but also from the effects of over exertion. * * *

I went to Graefenberg resolved to submit implicitly to Priessnitz's directions. I did so, and was restored to health. I am certain that my long abstinence from all alcoholic and warm drinks, and my disuse of tobacco in all its modes, and of medical drugs, have been powerful aids to my recovery. If any one will make cold water his only beverage, and abstain entirely from the use of medicine, he will find the water-cure sufficient to cure any disease that may assail him; if it be not absolutely incurable, and if he be determined to persevere in whatever process may be requisite for his recovery. But whoever expects to find health by the water-cure while wrapped up in flannels, and lounging in easy chairs and on sofas, in a warm, air-tight room, without personal exertion and activity, will certainly be disappointed; for persevering exercise in the pure fresh air is an essential element of the cure."

We have thus let our enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure tell his own story, excluding only the details of the different steps in the process, for which we must refer to the work itself. It appears to us that the success of such remedies is in a great measure traceable to what ordinary medical men too frequently neglect—attention to air, exercise, amusement, and diet; or, more properly, the development of the natural powers and functions of the system, some of which, in the ordinary circumstances of an artificial existence, are dormant, or almost extinguished. Why, in therapeutics, there should be so little insisted on in the way of general reinvigoration, by recalling nature to her post, and so much done by the artificial stimulus of medicines, is more than we can understand, unless it be that the duty of prescribing and charging for drugs is a much more easy one than that of studying a man's whole constitution, and giving him rules for keeping it in health. Perhaps, however, the medical profession is not alone to blame. In England and the United States there is a fanatical love of medicine, and men often resort to them as an off-hand mode of cure, having, or thinking they have, no time for more deliberate, though more natural and effectual measures.

Priessnitz, whose proceedings are so much at variance with those of the medical world, is not a physician, neither is he an educated man, and we are informed he is seldom seen with a book in his hand. He writes no prescriptions; all his directions are verbal, and given to the attendants in whose hands he places his patients. Priessnitz, in fact, is nothing more than a German peasant or small farmer; a man with much shrewdness, who studies nature only, and probably never read a book on medicine in his life. Visited by hosts of peo-

ple, many doubtless with imaginary complaints, and others laboring under the effects of intemperance, late hours, and other excesses of various kinds, he seems to set about restoring the abnormal pith of the constitution by some simple modes of treatment. How far the application of water, internal or external, has a direct curative effect, we cannot pretend to say; but we entertain no doubt that many would recover at home, without water in any extraordinary style of application, if they would refrain from certain indulgences, put away canker-ing cares, and take plenty of exercise in the open air daily.

In the establishment of Graefenberg there appears to be a studied absence of comfort. Much of the time of the patients is occupied in walking among the hills, drinking water at every spring they pass, and also in hard out-door labor. Sawing wood appears to be one of the occupations most generally admired and followed; many work in the fields; and others, ladies as well as gentlemen, may be seen carrying grass on their backs to the cows. In the evenings, after an early supper, all enjoy themselves with in-door amusements, among which dancing to a band of music is the principal. Ladies, who in the morning were working with bare heads and arms in the fields, are now dressed in white gowns, kid gloves, and satin slippers, and going through the mazes of the dance with counts, barons, and captains. In winter, when field-labor is at a stand, sledging is a common recreation; and when tired of this gleesome and rough sport, there are always billiards and other games. "Concerts are occasionally given in the saloon by some of the guests, at which they sing, play on the piano and violin, and sometimes read extracts from English, German, French, and Italian authors."

Labor, exercise, and amusement, are thus parts of the cure; and one would almost be inclined to think that a considerable degree of petty discomfort was also indispensable. The buildings are homely, and the accommodations to the last degree mean. "There are no bed-chambers for the servants. The badediensers, both male and female, sleep on the floor in the passages, on straw or in blankets, as the case may be. In going to the baths, both men and women must descend the same public stairs, and thread the same public passages, enveloped in sheets and blankets. One can hardly pass through the establishment at certain times of the day, without meeting guests of all conditions, ages, and sexes, going to or from the baths in this strange attire. The cow-houses and stabling belonging to Priessnitz being under the same roof with the saloon, the offensive exhalations from them are a continual source of annoyance and disgust when the doors of these offices are open, which is frequently the case. Indeed, nothing can exceed the discomfort of the whole arrangement, as Englishmen count comfort. Then the work inside is all of the plainest and rudest kind; no painting, no papering, no carpets, no English snuggeries whatever."

The presiding genius of this half cow-house half dwelling-house, seems by no means underpaid for his services. "I should suppose," continues our author, "that his income, from the weekly rent of his rooms in that part of those houses in Graefenberg which belong to him, amounts to about £1500 per annum. Then there are at least one hundred guests boarding in the saloon the year round, at four florins thirty-eight kreutzers each, or rather

more than nine shillings per week. It is said that the thirty-eight kreutzers are expended in keeping the walks and fountains in order, and that Priessnitz receives the remaining four florins, which, for one hundred guests, comes to something more than £2000 per annum. This, added to the receipts for lodgings, amounts to £3500. Then we must add four shillings per week as his fee from each guest, which, at an average of 500 guests, amounts to £200 [in reality £100] per week, or £10,000 [£5000] per annum, and forms a grand total of £12,500 [£8500] per annum. So that, allowing for the expenses of the establishment, Priessnitz cannot have less than £8000 [possibly £3500] of clear annual income."

Our author protests against the assumption that Priessnitz is a charlatan—merely operating for the sake of gain. He describes him as invariably commanding the respect, and winning the affections, of his patients. The Austrian government, however, views his establishment with great jealousy, and would willingly seize on any excuse for putting him down. A register is kept by the police of all the patients who are and have been under Priessnitz's care, recording their names, the places from which they come, and the number of deaths. Mr. Wright was informed that about 10,000 individuals had taken the water-cure at Graefenberg since the opening of the establishment, and that only twenty had died. "What medical doctor," he adds, "could point to so small a number of deaths in proportion to the extent of his practice?" If this statement really be consistent with facts, (and we do not see any reason to doubt it,) the system of Priessnitz ought certainly to engage the careful consideration of the medical profession, with a view to testing its merits.

We take leave of Mr. Wright, with thanks for the amusement we have had in perusing his volume, much of which, including some of the doctrines he propounds on general subjects, we do not agree with; but we give him credit for sincerity, and for that still more rare quality in the present age, and honesty in announcing his convictions.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS.—We understand that several weeks since, whilst some workmen were engaged in taking down an old store building on the dock at Rondoubt, in this town, a box was discovered, hidden in some way between the floor and ceiling; and that in it was found a large quantity of continental money—several millions of dollars. It is stated—together with a great number of old manuscript papers relating to revolutionary affairs. One of these we have seen. It was a letter signed by Pierre Van Cortland, President of the Senate, and Evert Bancker, Speaker of the Assembly, dated at Kingston, June 30, 1780, and directed to some persons at Rochester, in this county—calling on them to aid the cause of independence, by furnishing clothing for the soldiers. We learn, also, that those papers, as is usual in such cases, were scattered about the village, and are in the possession of different persons. We are sorry for this, as, from what we have heard and seen, they are papers of much value as respects the history of that time, and, we doubt not, would be of service in obtaining a correct knowledge of the events of that period; and we trust that means will be taken to collect them, and ascertain their contents and value.—*Kingston Journal*.

From Chambers' Journal.

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI.*

LEAVING Suez, and sailing along the eastern shores of the Red Sea, we arrived at Tor—intending to proceed thence to Sinai, which is distant about two days' journey inland, at a camel's walk. While waiting for the camels which were to convey us to our destination, we frequently resorted to the famous *Waddy Moosa*, or Valley of Moses, for the purpose of bathing in a hot spring which tradition asserts to have been used as a bath by the great Jewish lawgiver. The *Hummum Moosa*, or Bath of Moses, is about ten feet square and five deep, partly enclosed with stones; and the waters, although they emit a highly sulphurous odor, are, in consequence of their temperature, exceedingly agreeable to the bather. The exact spot at which the Israelites passed through the Red Sea, in their flight from Egypt is a matter of controversy; but travellers have generally concluded that the *Waddy Moosa*, with its wells and its numerous palm-trees, is identical with the Elim of the sacred narrative, where the Israelites, wearied of the bitter waters of Marah, encamped, having found "twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees."

Tor is a wretched collection of hovels built of gray coral and mud; and so close to the water's edge, that on looking at the petty embankment, consisting of stems of date palms laid along blocks of coral, whose duty it is to resist the inroads of the sea, one could not help entertaining an idea of insecurity. The inhabitants, however, do not appear to be at all incommoded by such a reflection. They are an indolent race of Greeks, consisting of about a dozen families, whose spiritual interests are attended to by a priest from the monastery of Mount Sinai, the contented occupant of a domicile not less squalid than those of his parishioners. Fishing, the sale of dates, and the supplying of water to such ships as touch at the spot, constitute their chief means of livelihood.

May 4th, 1839.—Our camels having arrived, we left Tor, and striking into the *Waddy Moosa*, halted at the wells of Elim, to fill our sheep-skins, and give our camels drink. In this we lost much valuable time; for the Arabs, accustomed to regard water as the prime necessary for a journey, insisted upon taking in the whole supply here, though they knew we should meet with abundance of it next morning.

We had just extricated ourselves from the multiplicity of small ravines formed in the chalky soil of the valley, and were entering another water-course, on the farther side of which lay an extensive plain, when darkness came on. By the advice of our Arabs we came to a halt, until the moon should appear. Unbuckling our mattresses, blankets, and cloaks, we sought for the softest places of the water-course to spread them in, while our servants prepared coffee—our Arab conductors doing the same for themselves. I was sipping the refreshing beverage, when one of my companions drew attention to the picturesqueness of the scene before us. There sat the Arabs around their fire, which was casting up its ruddy glow against the bank under which they had chosen their resting-place, and ever and anon flashing upon some of their bronze faces—bronze both in their natural hue, and in the imperturbable gravity

of their expression; near them were the camels, in their meek and patient attitudes of repose. The savage and dimly-discerned scenery around, harmonized in a strange but effective manner with the little warm picture which it enclosed, the only foliage visible, that of the shaggy tamarisk, constituting a principal feature in the whole. The first artists of Europe might have envied us the pleasure of such a sight. Upon me the effect produced was exactly that "jocund and boon" sensation which I recollect as having been described by a young Frenchman whose travels formed part of my boyish reading. Not having seen Laborde's splendid work at the time of my journey, I was not then aware that the power of causing this peculiar sensation is held to be characteristic of Arabian scenery. In contradiction, indeed, to this observation, I was informed afterwards by one of my companions, a man of highly-cultivated mind, that the emotions experienced by him on the occasion, and which he considered to be alone appropriate, were those of a wild inexpressible melancholy. Laborde, I believe, has remarked on similar instances which came within his own knowledge, of contrary effects being produced on different minds by the same scenery; and the subject is certainly a curious one. As for me, in addition to the "jocund and boon" sensation which I have mentioned, there soon rose another of a different kind. I felt in a more profound manner than ever I had done before my historical relationship to the past ages of the world, to those ancient Israelites wending through this same wilderness, and bearing on, within the bosom of their singular economy, a load of blessings for all mankind. Here was I on the ground which they had trodden, and under the same sky which had canopied them, without it, it is true, the pillar of fire by night, but not without the presence of Him who led them in all their wanderings, and bore with all their perverseness.

The moon rose about eleven o'clock; and, greatly refreshed by our short repose, we recommenced our journey, having previously, however, had recourse to the never-failing coffee. After a few hours of travel, day dawned upon us as we were in the middle of an extensive stony plain; after traversing which, we entered the mountain ravines which lay beyond it. These *waddies* or water-courses vary in breadth from twenty to eighty yards, and though dry at the period of our journey, presented the appearance of having recently been filled with water. I was informed, however, that it is only after the melting of unusually deep snows on the hills that they exhibit any considerable stream—a circumstance which happens probably once in five years. If embankments of masonry, such as are raised in India, were built across these *waddies*, perhaps few parts of the world would excel this in fertility, for wherever the slightest moisture can lodge, the surface is seen throwing forth vegetation. To create a soil by pulverizing the rock, and to secure a plentiful supply and equal distribution of water by means of embankments, would be works of no great difficulty or expense; and it occurred to us, that if the pasha of Egypt had visited Sinai, the notion of adding this new territory to his dominions would have very readily suggested itself.

The *waddies* are covered with a profusion of bitter and aromatic herbs, which afford nourishment to the camel, and which at times exhale a pleasing perfume: and these, together with the

* This paper has been forwarded to us by Captain Michael Maxwell Shaw, of the Indian army.

wiry-leaved tamarisk or bastard-cypress, and an occasional palm-tree, give a touch of oriental character to the scenery, without detracting from the accuracy of the poetical description of the sacred narrative—"a waste howling wilderness." Perhaps of all the waddies on the way to Sinai, none impresses the traveller more than that called *Waddy Habroon*, or the Valley of the Hebrews; though why it should have received this name, rather than any other of the ravines through which the Hebrews must have passed, it is not easy to conjecture. We halted here, and took breakfast under a little projection of the rock which bounds one of its sides. But for a streamlet which trickled its feeble way-through gravel and rushes, wild cypresses, and a meagre sprinkling of date palms, and which raised some of the sweeter home-feelings, this ravine would have outrivalled all the others for sublimity and solemn grandeur. The Scriptural expression—"a waste howling wilderness"—characterizes, as exactly as language can, the style of the scenery of these waddies all along the route to Sinai; but one must have been there—one must have seen the ragged, shattered, and splintery pinnacles of bare red rock frowning above, and literally listened to the unbroken silence of the waste below, before one can understand the full force of the description. Never before had I experienced to such a degree that fulness and almost sickness of emotion which, in the common phrase of authors, defies the power of language to express it. Not only did language appear too feeble; the very habit of speech seemed, for the time, an imperfection which belonged only to a low condition of being. In his more glorious moments, a poet might rise to a level with the spirit of the mountain scenery of Europe; but here the highest powers of description would have been unavailing.

In the haunts of men, morning, mid-day, and evening are distinguished by their appropriate incidents; but in the desert, the progress of time is measured only by the great horologe of nature. There are three distinct aspects of earth and sky in the wilderness. At one time the traveller gazes with delight upon the mountain tops as they begin to be pencilled out by the rays, and to separate themselves from the heavy masses beneath; he inhales delicious refreshment from the cool bland winds, fragrant with scent from the scattered shrublets; and hies him onwards, as if motion were enjoyment. This is morning. But soon mid-day approaches, and the traveller begins to droop under the glare of the angry sun, which looks down upon him like a great bloodshot eye. Hemmed in between the piles which rise on both sides, and, as it were, sternly prescribe his path, he sinks under an aching sensation of fatigue; his eye drinks in molten fire from the burning sands, and finds no relief in turning to the rocky boundary; he is fain to seek rest on every spot of scanty herbage, and his soul and body are occupied in one single feeling, an intense longing for the evening. At last it comes; and who shall describe the night of the desert, whether with the light of the moon or with that of the stars! O how beautiful is moonlight here! Streaming down in a silvery flood, it bathes the barrenness around in soft and gentle radiance. Night in every land is the season for the heart to speak; but nowhere so peculiarly so as here, where man roams a houseless wanderer under the open canopy of heaven, with the silent stars looking meekly down upon

him. An eastern night is truly glorious; and I am strongly of opinion that the pictures of this part of the world which I have seen, have all been taken under the influence of its mellowing witchery.

Anxious to press on, we did not halt till late in the afternoon, when our path, which had for several hours been ascending, brought us to a petty nook, where we resolved to remain during the night. Although we should have scarcely thought of dignifying the little declivity with the name of a ravine, we found that it boasted of the designation of *Waddy Sambra*; indeed every bend and alley of this thinly-peopled country is known by a distinct name to its wandering inhabitants.

May 6th.—We arose with alacrity, and felt braced for our journey, as well by the cold, which had increased very perceptibly since our leaving the coast, as by our anticipations of a sight of Sinai. Quitting an extensive valley which lay at right angles to *Waddy Sambra*, we entered, after some hours' travelling, a mountain-pass of dark-brown rock, differing from such as we have already seen in this, that the water-channel which ran through it, instead of occupying the entire breadth of the pass, was not more than twelve feet broad, while the breadth of the pass between the ranges was at least three hundred yards. Aware that, after we had entered this pass, Sinai could not be far distant, I dismounted, with the view of hastening forward at a more rapid pace than that at which the broken nature of the ground permitted the dromedary to advance. Full of excitement, and prepared by the descriptions of certain travellers to expect a sight of the most unusual and impressive kind, I had reached a slight elevation on the borders of an oval shaped plain of considerable extent, when one of the Arabs exclaimed, "*Gibbel Moosa*" (Mountain of Moses)—the name given to Sinai. Our disappointment was extreme. We looked in vain for some awful, isolated mountain, such as we had supposed Sinai to be. All that we saw was the fore-mentioned oval-shaped plain, bounded on the right and left by a chain of vast mounds of stone, or rounded hills, quite different in character from the other broken ranges. Opposite to us, separated from the plain by a shallow water-course, which wound half round its base, and disjoined from the range on both sides—more, however, on the right than on the left—was a mountain, seemingly about three hundred feet high. This was the mountain the sight of which had drawn forth the exclamation of the Arab—St. Catharine's, with its famous convent,* behind which, and concealed from us as yet, lay Sinai proper. The convent, as seen from where we stood, presented an appearance the very reverse of imposing; indeed the whole scene was disappointing to our excited imaginations. Was this the plain through which the Israelites had passed when about to receive the law? Was that the mountain where, for forty days and forty nights, Moses had remained hid from the people, amid incessant thunders and lightnings, and a constant smoke ascending from it, like the smoke of a furnace, and the mysterious intermitting blasts of a trumpet, exceedingly loud! Such, in spite of ourselves, were our reflections; and we all agreed, both then and afterwards, that we had seen mountains far more sublime. We forgot, in the imme-

* The convent of St. Catharine's, at Sinai, was founded, according to tradition, by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century.

diate feeling of disappointment, that the scriptural narrative nowhere warrants the expectations which we had entertained, of seeing in Sinai a mountain different from others in its conformation; and that the tremendous transactions which occurred on it, stood in no need of the scenic effect which our hasty imaginations were demanding.

Crossing the plain, and approaching the monastery, we could better observe the massive masonry of its walls. The monastery gardens, with their irregular and unsubstantial enclosures, lying between St. Catharine's and the plain, had no doubt detracted from the appearance of the edifice, as seen from a distance. Admiring the industry of those who, without the assistance of any of the appliances of science, had rescued from the barrenness of nature the patches of cultivation which I saw, and deeply impressed at the same time by the thought, how deep and strong must have been the feeling which could have led men to renounce the world, and come to dwell in such a dreary and forbidding solitude, I arrived at the monastery of St. Catharine's.

The worthy fathers had descried us at a distance with the aid of their telescopes, and were quite prepared, not to open their gates for us—for that is not the way in which visitors are admitted into the monastery of Mount Sinai—but to hoist us up by a windlass, into what may be described as an overhanging window, or a balcony without a floor to it. A rope as thick as a man's arm is lowered, the loop at the end of which being placed under the person to be raised, in the manner of a swinging-rope, he gives a signal to those above, who hoist him up accordingly. In this manner we soon effected our entrance into the monastery, servants, baggage, and all. One cannot help thinking, that if this device is intended to secure the place against Arab aggression, it is somewhat insufficient; besides that the mere name of the pasha is an ample protection. If, however, the design of the romantic mode of entry be to create an impression on visitors, one can pardon the harmless trick for its success. There was, in fact, something pleasing in being hoisted up some thirty or forty feet of dead wall, and swung into a curious-shaped apartment, among a number of good-humored-looking fellows, with long beards, and robes of camels' hair, who, both the workers at the windlass and the lookers on, gazed at you with the most unsophisticated curiosity.

When all had ascended, we were conducted to the part of the convent appropriated to visitors, where we were accommodated with a suite of apartments both for ourselves and our servants. The room which we selected had an abundance of cushions and Syrian carpets, necessary to form that indispensable convenience in the East—a divan. We stood, however, in greater need of food than of rest, and the kind-hearted superior accordingly ordered bread and dates to be set before us. The former was a great luxury, after the acid composition which for some days we had been eating under the name of bread; and the dates were an excellent substitute for butter—an article which the abstemious monks never see. Simple as the fare was, we made a hearty meal, and the crystal water of Sinai tasted as if expressly designed to allay the thirst caused by the saccharine matter of the dates. It may here be proper to inform all who are interested, that the life of any animal is not permitted to be taken within the walls of the monastery; the good

fathers, however, are accommodating in their spirit and your servants may slay a whole flock of goats outside if they choose, and the carcasses will be hoisted in for your use. As the goats of Sinai are reared on aromatic herbs and grasses, their flesh surpasses the finest venison in flavor. Sheep and cows are not procurable in this part of Arabia. The monks themselves live for the most part on fish and vegetables. Having fortunately been informed, before setting out from Tor, of their *penchant* for the former article of diet, we had brought six baskets-full as a present for them. Not having been salted or prepared for the journey, they had certainly not been improved by their carriage through the wilderness; our dragoman, however, informed us that a slight, or even a considerable degree of taint, would not prevent them from being greatly relished by the fathers. It was a severe fast with them at the period of our arrival; and it was provoking to think that two days more must elapse before our fish could be tasted. It is expected at the monastery that you pay for whatever you require, with the exception of bread and water, which are regarded as free to all comers. In the English spirit, we first insisted upon defraying all our possible expenses, after which we exhibited our present of fish. The discipline of the monastery is very rigid; and at whatever hour of the night you may awake, the same incessant heart-breaking chant assails your ear.

And now let us take a view of the interior of the monastery. From the varanda or balcony of our quarters, we were bewildered by seeing, piled up along the inside of the heavy walls of the quadrangle, an endless series of little lodges, almost like children's card-houses. As we looked at this jumble of little cells, we could hardly help thinking, notwithstanding the incongruity of such an idea with the locality, how admirably the borders of the quadrangle were suited for a game of "hide and seek." Becoming at length familiar with the appearance of these little tenements, we turned our eyes to the more important buildings which occupy the centre of the enclosure—the church of Justinian, or *Ostinianoos*, as the monks call him, and the mosque, which, to gratify the Mahometans, is, singularly enough, allowed to exist within the monastery walls. Continuing the glance till the eye rested on the bare and verdureless masses of dusky shattered rock which surround the convent like a rampart, the effect was peculiar. The walls of the monastery, by hiding the more adjacent ground from the view, produced the impression that you were in the bottom of a crater, of which the mountains round you were the sides. Few situations could have been selected better suited for the purposes of self-mortification; and the prolonged endurance of such a place must be inexpressibly painful. The fathers consider residence in this convent a hard service, and are glad to exchange it for that of Cairo when they can. All things considered, however, they are a wonderfully cheerful set of men; and they seemed anxious to do all they could to amuse us. We were happy in finding in their number a venerable individual who had been a merchant in Bengal, and had visited many parts of India, but had at length, for some cause or other, retired from the world, and come to end his days at Mount Sinai. This person attached himself to us during our stay, and was of essential service in pointing out and explaining much that was curious about the

monastery. Although he professed to have abjured all interest in the world which he had forsaken, and even to be careless as to the fate of the relations he had left in Hindostan, I did not fail to perceive, that to speak a language which his tongue had long disused, but which was still familiar to his heart, gave him pleasure; indeed, all the while I continued addressing him in that language, which had perhaps in bygone days uttered his tenderest emotions, his eye seemed to say, no less plainly than the voices of the Hindoo shopkeepers I afterwards met with in Mocha: "O speak to us once again in that dear Hindoostanee, for we do love to hear it!"

On the day after our arrival, we were taken to inspect whatever was considered worth attention in the monastery. We passed through the church built by Justinian. The exterior impressed us with the idea of great antiquity, but possessed no title to the praise of architectural beauty, resembling a vast powder-magazine rather than a church. The interior has also a very ancient appearance, but little more can be said for it, and the traveller who seeks gratification in the sight of beautiful paintings or superb furniture, would be disappointed here. There are, it is true, silver candlesticks at least seven feet high, but their size and their value are their greatest recommendations, the workmanship being rude enough. The paintings on the roof and walls are the veriest daubs that ever issued from a brush. The mosaic of the church is simple, and, although in excellent preservation, appears to be coeval with its foundation. After surveying the church itself, we were conducted into a spacious recess at its farther extremity, where, besides the marble chest or sarcophagus in which the incorrupted body of St. Catharine is said to repose, we were shown the exact spot where Moses beheld the Burning Bush. Here, in the spirit, or rather according to the letter, of the sacred narrative, we were required to take off our shoes before we made our approach. Nor was the penance in the slightest degree inconvenient, for the passage was covered with rich Syrian carpet. A lamp is kept constantly burning within the shrine, casting a dim religious light through the gloom of the holy recess. The outer coating of the shrine consists entirely of splendid silver plates, a minute description of which would occupy several pages. Standing looking at them, I could not refrain from reflecting on the grossness, albeit the naturalness, of that taste which, instead of leaving a spot so sacred in our associations in its primeval state, a patch of ground on a barren hill-side, with the free winds of heaven blowing over it, could think of walling it in, and roofing it over, and covering it with Syrian carpet, and besilvering and beslubbering it with such indoor attentions.

Before leaving the church of Justinian, I inspected the splendid curtain of tapestry said to have been worked by the fingers of St. Catharine herself, and which certainly, if she worked the whole of it, does credit to her patience, as well as to the forbearance of time. It is a rich web of crimson silk, about twenty feet long and ten broad, wrought with a skill which few ladies of the present age could emulate. The figures are embroidered of silk, plentifully intermixed with the richest gold twist, and represent scenes from the Scripture history—palm-covered landscapes, men and women in Oriental costume, and flocks and herds, among which the camel is always a con-

spicuous object. Altogether, the curtain, if not one of the most tasteful things in the world, is certainly one of the most rare and costly: it would sell, I should think, for ten thousand pounds in any capital of Europe.

Outside the church of Justinian were shown to us, growing in a small bed of earth, three or four reputed lineal descendants of the Burning Bush, in no very thriving condition. It struck me that the plant thus selected by the monks (not the present race, who evidently believe the tradition, but those of some former generation) to represent the Burning Bush had not been judiciously chosen. It is a rare plant in the district, and resembles the raspberry in its leaf, so much so indeed, that I could not help inquiring if it produced fruit. The plant which would have agreed better with my fancy on the subject was a small scraggy one, bearing a pretty but diminutive pink flower, and whose branches are so thick and close, that, if carefully cultivated, it could be shaped into seats by the pruning shears. So hardy is this little inhabitant of the desert, that it grows plentifully even on Mount Sinai, which also exhibits patches of various kinds of aromatic herbage, including a species of thyme with larger leaves than that of England.

Having made the tour of the interior of the monastery, we were prepared to ascend Mount Sinai proper. We were first ushered out of the monastery into the garden, through a low subterranean passage defended by two massive iron gates, either of which was capable of resisting anything but artillery. The venerable superior himself opened these gates, and led us into the gardens—a sort of terrace about fifteen feet above the level of the ground outside, and containing abundance of fruit-trees, especially plums and almonds. Rosemary and similar herbs grow in perfection here; vegetables were not in season, but we were told they are produced in great plenty.

From a door in the wall of the garden we were required to let ourselves down, by taking hold of a rope, and walking down the wall backwards—a task of no great difficulty, owing to the roughness of the masonry. We were now fairly beyond the precincts of the monastery, and the ascent began. It was greatly facilitated by a sort of rough stair of large stones, for which pilgrims are said to be indebted to the piety of the Empress Helena. For my part, however, I saw no difficulty in the ascent of Mount Sinai sufficient to prevent any youthful lady, with a loving heart, and a stalwart arm to lean upon, from accomplishing it. An hour's walk brought us to a small flat or landing-place, where we refreshed ourselves at a well of excellent water. From this a winding-path brought us to a second landing-place, where, besides plenty of water, there was soil enough to form a garden, had the monks so chosen. The only thing, however, which we found growing here was a large and beautiful cypress-tree. On this part of the mountain is an ancient chapel, of no great size, and of as simple architecture as the church of Justinian. This chapel, our guides informed us, was erected over the burial-place of the prophet Elisha; but as we have no account of Elisha's having ever visited Sinai, and as we are told in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings that he was buried in Palestine, this must have been a mistake. Possibly the purpose of the chapel may have been to commemorate the scene in the life of Elisha's

predecessor, Elijah, recorded in the nineteenth chapter of the first book of Kings; although the absence of all appearance of a cave near the spot would seem to indicate that, even under this supposition, the founder had fixed on the wrong locality. Continuing our ascent from the neighborhood of this chapel, we came to another flight of steps resembling the former, but in a better state of preservation. Ascending these, we were told that we stood on the top of Mount Sinai.

Mount Sinai proper, as has been already mentioned, is not visible on the road from Tor, being concealed by the intervening mountain of St. Catharine's. There is a striking difference between the color of the rock composing Mount Sinai and that of the rock composing St. Catharine's—a circumstance which is rendered all the more noticeable by the close juxtaposition of the two mountains; so close, indeed, as only to be expressed by the word *contact*. The stone of St. Catharine's is the same porphyry-colored granite which appears to compose almost all the ranges of the desert; the stone of Sinai, on the other hand, whatever be its composition, is of a dirty white and grey color, with a thin black or brown scurf, produced by the action of the weather. In this appearance our imaginations tried to find evidence of the great elemental warfare recorded in the sacred books; but unless in the whiteness of the summit, which might be supposed to have been the effect of the bleaching action of fire on porphyry-colored granite, we could not find traces so palpable as we desired. Sinai rises like a vast tower from the plain, and is a more roundly-shaped eminence than is common in this region. Creeping close to the brink of the precipice, on the side opposite to that by which we had ascended, I gazed downward, not without feelings of dread, as the wind swept over me in sufficient force to carry me away. On this side, the mountain is not devoid of sublimity, which, however, is not increased by the small chapel erected on the spot. The plain at the foot of Mount Sinai is of greater extent than the oval-shaped one mentioned as stretching out before St. Catharine's; and, contrary to the assertions of some, is, with the small hills which bound it, (even without having recourse to the opinion, that geological changes have been brought about in this locality by convulsions which have happened subsequently to the period referred to by the sacred historian,) quite large enough to have afforded encamping room to the Israelites while the law was being delivered. However, we are not bound to consider this mountain the true Sinai, although there seems to be little room for doubting that it is. There is one mountain in the vicinity of Tor, with an immense plain at its base, which some are disposed to think is more entitled to the honor.

The Gulf of Suez is said to be visible from the top of Mount Sinai, but the weather was too hazy to permit our seeing it. We enjoyed, however, at one view all that sublimity of desert scenery which we had seen only in detached portions of our route. A vast extent of rocky wilderness lay before us, the shadowed and verdureless pinnacles in which seemed like the up-sputterings and spray dashes of a sea of adamant, rolling its reluctant billows under the hands of the Creator.

After luxuriating for some time in the prospect, we prepared to descend the mountain by a different route. In the descent, the worthy father who act-

ed as our guide pointed out to us the spot where Moses broke in pieces the two tables of stone, and also the place where his hands were supported by Aaron and Hur while he prayed for the discomfiture of Amalek. Reaching the base of Sinai, we pursued a path leading round that of St. Catharine's; and here we saw well-cultivated olive-gardens, belonging to the convent; also a huge stone, which we were informed was the very rock out of which Moses had brought water. It is a weather-rounded mass, of about ten feet high and six broad, which appears to have been detached from the mountain-cliffs above. According to the scriptural narrative, Moses smote the rock only twice; but here we saw *twelve* goodly gashes. The propriety, however, of a separate outlet for the water of each tribe, will be apparent to every one.

From Moses' Rock we were led to the place where the Israelites worshipped the golden calf—the spot being marked by a hole dug into the rock immediately in front of St. Catharine's, partly filled with rubbish, in token of abhorrence for the idolatry of which it had been the scene. Close to this locality we saw an encampment of Arabs, miserably poor in their appearance, but with large herds of goats—the Arab's wealth—browsing near them. It is quite a puzzle to perceive how these men can live under their slight tents of black goats' hair during the snows of winter.

Our walk ended, we reentered the monastery by the same route as we had used for our exit. A few curiosities still remained to be seen. In the library, the superior showed us a manuscript Greek New Testament, said to have been written by a young lady in the fifth century; and a surpassingly beautiful piece of calligraphy it was. We were shown also a paper purporting to be a copy of the firman granted by Mahomet to the monastery, the original, on which the prophet, who could not write, had stamped the impression of his hand, covered with ink, by way of signature, having been taken away by one of the sultans, who deemed it too precious to be left with the monks. The paper which we saw bore the delineation of the back of a hand, and appeared to be a copy of a copy, made expressly to bear handling.

And now came the time when we must quit this wonderful place. We parted with friendly regret from our kind-hearted entertainers, to whom we kept waving kisses with our hands while we remained in sight. Under the monastery walls we found a vast *posse* of Arabs, who offered us rock crystals, and rods resembling hazel, for sale. Disentangling ourselves from these people, we recommenced our journey through the scenes of grandeur which we had formerly passed. We had an opportunity, before leaving the neighborhood of the monastery, of observing the exceeding hardness of the granite of which the desert ridges are composed. Some Greeks and Arabs in the service of the monastery were at work, shaping blocks of it into building stones; we examined their tools, and found them much blunted by the operation. I may mention here, that within the monastery are forges, anvils, and almost every implement necessary to assist human labor in a rude state of the arts. From the date the monks manufacture a spirit which, when tinctured with the juice of the southernwood, which grows profusely in the desert, is called *agua ardente*—a name, however, which it scarcely deserves. The southernwood and other aromatic herbs of the desert possess the property

of being ignitable in a green state—an unspeakable advantage to the traveller, as otherwise the refreshing coffee would be unattainable.

Much has been written respecting the dangerous character of the Arabs of the peninsula of Sinai. So far as my experience goes, I am bound to say that, in all my intercourse with them, I met with the most genuine politeness—that politeness which Lord Chesterfield defines as “a desire to please.” The Greek inhabitants of the peninsula likewise, both lay and clerical, merit equal praise. The clergy are simple and dignified in their deportment; they possess in a high degree the affections of their flocks; and their morals appear to be unimpeachable. The monks of Sinai have been accused of covetousness; of this, however, I saw no evidence. Though not rich, they are not servile or cringing. The free-will offerings which flow to the monastery from Europe; together with a small revenue arising from the sale of their dates, and of the spirit which they manufacture from them, support them with decency, and enable them to show much kindness to their poorer brethren, and to the Arab population.

[Mrs. Child's letter from New York to the Boston Courier.]

FORCE OF KINDNESS.

A NEW State Prison is being built near Plattsburg, for the purpose of employing convicts in the iron mines. When this project was first undertaken, the men prisoners at Sing Sing were called together and informed of the nature of the enterprise.

They were told that the labor of quarrying stone, felling timber, &c., would be very severe; that their condition would render it necessary for them to travel chained, and work chained. Those who were willing to encounter these hardships, were requested to hold up their hands. The plan was adopted in order to secure laborers of stoutest heart, and those who were the least averse to the proposed task. But as the prisoners listened, a vision of the broad blue heavens looked on them kindly, and the green boughs of the forest beckoned cheerfully. The absence of enclosing walls was incitement strong enough for any amount of toil; and they all held up their hands. As it was impossible to take them all, the necessary number was chosen from those most likely to endure fatigue. Their place of destination contained no building more secure than a wooden shantee. They were chained to the floor during the night, and through the day they worked in iron fetters. But there are stronger bands than these. Mr. Cook, their superintendent, treated them like a brother. Rationally and kindly he explained to them that none of the restraints imposed on them were from vindictive motives; and he sincerely desired to do them good, and would gladly enlarge their freedom, if he felt confident that they deserved it. He proved the truth of his words by deeds. He was careful to hold the scales of justice with an even hand, and, as far as his official duty permitted, he attended to the little wants of each individual. Good behavior was rewarded with increased marks of confidence. Under this influence, it soon became evident that they might be trusted at their daily labor without shackles; and as this had a salutary effect, chains in the night were afterward dispensed with, also. One hundred and eighty convicts were in a shantee in the woods, with only four keepers to guard them. Did they feel inclined to abuse the confidence be-

stowed on them? Four or five of the most desperate ruffians did; they tried to seduce the others into a plan of escape. Had they been pinioned and chained, and driven by mere brute force, they would probably have tried the experiment, even at the price of murder. But they had been treated like men, some of them perhaps for the first time in their lives; and this roused the manhood in them. They saw that their captivity was occasioned by their own errors—that there was a sincere wish to lead them out of this captivity, and to do them good. Notwithstanding their immense superiority of numbers, they were not tempted to deceive the man who had treated them like a brother, and who had shown that he dared to trust them. He had a voluntary guard of one hundred and seventy-five men, bound to him by respect and gratitude. Yet these same men have doubtless knocked down police-officers, and might do it again, should they fall into their hands; because the usual mode of proceeding excites the tigerhood instead of the manhood in them. It is in vain to call upon criminals to respect those in authority. They cannot respect mere authority; character alone commands it. When “a thief is set to catch a thief,” the criminal does not perceive very clearly, through this appointed medium, that government is ordained of God.

THE LATE WILLIAM F. HARNDEN.—One of the Boston papers mentions that, of the sum of \$276,000 duties paid at the custom house in that city on the cargoes of the steamers *Hibernia* and *Cambria*, on their last trips, the firm of Harnden & Co. paid the large sum of ninety thousand. This will give the reader some idea of the magnitude of the business done by that firm, which is the oldest express establishment in this or any other country. The late William F. Harnden, who died of consumption in Boston a year or two since, at the early age of thirty-three, was the father of the express business. His history was a singular one. He came to Boston, from the country, poor and friendless. At first he had some mental employment in one of the theatres in that city; but subsequently he was employed to sell railroad tickets at the Worcester depot, on Washington street; this was before the terminus of the road had been extended to the South Cove, opposite the United States Hotel. It was this business which led him afterwards to commence running an express. His first attempt was between Boston and Providence. That proving successful, he branched out in other directions, to New York and other places, and by his enterprise, activity and fidelity, he soon gained the confidence of the mercantile community, and the banks and other public institutions, who patronized him liberally, and soon made him a man of means and considerable consequence. His success was far beyond his expectations: and before he died, he had succeeded in establishing branches of his establishment in London, Liverpool, Paris, Havre, and many other places of magnitude in Great Britain and on the continent. We repeat that he was, although hardly twenty-one years of age at the time, the father of the express business in this country. It was not long, however, before his movements were followed by other enterprising business men; and we now have some dozen or twenty lines, running from this city to different parts of the country, and all of them are conducted by intelligent, faithful, honest men.—*True Sun*.

From the Examiner.

THE CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

SIR Robert Peel's ministry is like Mother Hubbard's dog,—

She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
But when she came back the dog was laughing.

The other day it was broken to bits like the Portland Vase, if we may compare small things with great, the commonest earthenware with the most precious material, and now like it we see it restored and replaced in that most curious of museums, her majesty's cabinet. But this simile is too fine for the occasion. We prefer the parallel of the voucher for Holloway's ointment, who had the misfortune to be blown into a hundred pieces by the explosion of a powder-mill, so as to be wholly unable to go to his work the next day, but who was happily enabled to collect himself, and completely repieced and made whole by the use of the invaluable salve. Sir Robert Peel has beat Holloway hollow. The sudden cure of his ministry is the most marvellous thing that has ever yet appeared, either in fact or fiction.

We see Sir Robert Peel, like Liston in Apollo Belvi, with a hatband, scarf, and weepers, announcing to the queen his own demise, "the sudden death to which he was always so subject," and presently afterwards giving the most undesirable signs of unimpaired vitality.

No one ever so perished and came to life again except Lord Brougham, who was dashed to pieces by a kicking horse one post, and as well as ever by the next advices. Lord Brougham was not as good as his word on that or indeed on any other occasion, and having in consequence lost all credit with the public, when next he announces his own decease he will be the last man that the public will believe. So too will it be with Sir Robert Peel. No one will ever take his word again for his official demise.

The stalest and shallowest of all tricks is to sham dead to make one's value felt; but we really cannot conceive what else Sir Robert Peel's ministry can have been doing. And how obstinately it was dead; what a deaf ear it turned to all solicitations to revive. In vain Lord John Russell entreated Sir Robert Peel to resume his ministerial existence with such support as he could furnish in aid of all good purposes. The Peel ministry was incurably extinct. In this extremity the whigs assembled to form a ministry, and after having screwed their courage to the pitch of taking the government with a minority for the abolition of the corn-laws, a sudden crotchet broke them up—a disaster resembling in its disproportionate causation the lamentable fate of the puissant giant Wide-nostrils in Rabelais, who dieted ordinarily on windmills, but who was miserably choked by a pat of butter swallowed the wrong way, at the mouth of a hot oven. The thing which the whigs swallowed the wrong way was, to be sure, not the least like butter, but let that pass in a simile, the unlikeness in which is as apposite as similitude. Upon the catastrophe in the liberal conclave, Sir Robert Peel's ministry springs to life again, nothing ailing it, nothing having ailed it, all peace and concord within and satisfaction without, if we are to believe the ministerial papers. It only broke up like the schools for holiday amusement. It was no breaking up of its bad constitution.

For a fortnight the country was without a gov-

ernment, in the predicament of Drury Lane Theatre when the committee of mismanagement having shut it up, found how prosperous it was to carry on the thing without the nightly losses, and exclaimed, "Oh that we could always go on so!"

There was, however, a deep moral in all this. The lesson to be impressed on the country was its helpless dependence on Sir R. Peel, and that it is only by his great goodness that it has a government to its back, and that without him it would be utterly naked and resourceless. The nation must learn to know when it is well off, and to be thankful for the Peel it can get. Beggars must not be choosers. The potato crops have failed, and so have the supplies of statesmen. If there was any Buckland who could show us how to extract the starch from one or two of the whigs, the case might not be utterly hopeless; but, as it is, one superlatively stiff-necked noble proves a bar—or a bolt to all—either word will do in any sense.

The fireside puzzle for the season will be, what broke up Sir Robert Peel's ministry and brings it together again. Indeed, some Mr. Tackleton will doubtless make a Christmas puzzle of the administration, affording little boys and girls the opportunity, level to the meanest capacity, of playing Sir Robert Peel, and breaking up the ministry, and putting it together again just as before, with the difference only of the pony Peel, Mr. Gladstone, in place of the Angry Boy.

We are told that the country is delighted at the restoration of Sir Robert Peel; if it be so, it convinces us more strongly that the world is indeed a stage, and that in the burlesque extravaganza of public affairs, as in other farces, there is a great liking for the roguish servant who tricks everybody, the *Scapin* who says—

"A vous dire la verité, il y a peu de choses qui me soient impossibles, quand je m'en veux mêler. J'ai sans doute reçu du ciel un génie assez beau pour toutes les fabrique de ces gentillesse d'esprit à qui le vulgaire ignorant donne le nom de fourberies; et je puis dire sans vanité, qu'on n'a guère vu d'homme quit fût plus habile ouvrier de ressorts et d'intrigues, qui ait acquis plus de gloire que moi dans ce noble metier."

"There is not a subtler fellow breathing," says the English version of the same worthy; "he can cheat one newly cheated;" upon which eulogium the character, who may be supposed to represent the public, exclaims, "He is the fittest person in the world for my business."

The beauty of the present juncture is that nobody knows what Sir Robert Peel is going to do, and yet everybody is satisfied that he is the man to do nobody knows what.

The idea, however, is that a Jonas is to be thrown overboard; and when that is to be done everybody feels that Peel is the man for that sort of performance; for it so happens that he is always sitting side by side with the person who is to have a tilt over the side by a back-hander. A friend only can do this work handily, the vicinity or juxtaposition which Terrence panningly holds in *propinquâ parte amicitie*, exceedingly favoring the exploit.

Against what body that he has petted, and fondled, and pampered has he not sooner or later turned his hand? The monopolists are now in the pleasing predicament of the folks in the cave of Polyphemus, waiting their turn for the spit, but though they are all by their own account men of many woes, they have no one the least like an

Ulysses amongst them, and cannot by any means get up a red-hot-poker for the arch enemy's arch eye.

There is certainly nothing in the world more probable than that Sir Robert Peel intends to play some of his friends his old trick, but, granting all the honors due to the intention to the full extent insisted on by some of our contemporaries, we have yet to suggest that the amount of the benefit he may propose for the public is by no means so certain as some very sanguine folks imagine. Let us not make the mistake of reckoning without our host.

It is commonly said that Sir Robert Peel is best able to accomplish what Lord John Russell proposed; but the question is, whether Sir Robert Peel's plans and Lord John Russell's are the same, or nearly the same.

We believe not. We have reason to suspect that the total and immediate abolition of the corn-laws was not the project which Sir Robert Peel was prepared to recommend to her majesty; and when we see his administration reinstated, and continuing to include amongst its members men most strongly and recently pledged to the principle of protection, we can hardly conceive it possible that he can have advanced from a lumbering complicated scheme for gradual abolition (with compensation!) to the conclusion of the instant and sweeping demolition of the restrictive system.

In the pranks and bunglings of the last three weeks, there is one part which, according to all report, has been played most faultlessly—that of a constitutional sovereign. In the pages of history the directness, the sincerity, the scrupulous observance of constitutional rules which have marked her majesty's conduct in circumstances the most trying will have their place of honor. Unused as we are to deal in homage to royalty, we must add that never, we believe, was the heart of a monarch so warmly devoted to the interests of a people, and with so enlightened a sense of their interests.

THE INMAN GALLERY.

SINCE the exhibition of Allston's paintings, several years since, we have had no feast of art comparable with that now open at the Art Union room. As we survey the various evidences of taste and genius which adorn those walls, associated as they are with one of the most genial and kindly characters it has been our lot to know, a thousand pleasant memories and grateful thoughts spring up "as at the touch of an enchanter's wand." At a meeting, the other evening, of the committee to whose exertions the public are indebted for this exhibition, one of Inman's sanguine friends urged with no little eloquence the propriety of inviting our citizens to hear an oration in honor of his life and labors. The proposition was deemed inexpedient by the majority present. It was felt that the works of an artist speak more justly his praise; and we think no discerning visitor will fail to realize this in regard to Inman.

The present collection of his works is, of course, limited to the few which could be readily obtained in this vicinity; the object of the exhibition being to provide something for the family rather than completely to illustrate the ability of the painter. The one hundred and twenty-six works thus brought together—all the products of the same mind—are more valuable and attractive

than many exhibitions we have seen comprising twenty times as many pictures by fifty different hands. There are few more interesting processes than to trace the development of a nobly-endowed man, as we often can in written productions, but seldom, as in the present instance, through the offspring of the pencil. Let any one turn from the crude execution of Sterne's Maria, painted at the age of eighteen, to the exquisite finish and delicate tints of "Rydal Water"—which seems to deepen in crystal tranquillity as you gaze, until the very spirit of the delicious landscape passes into your mind as it often has into that of Wordsworth, who himself conducted Inman to the very point of view whence the picture was taken.

In portraiture, too, compare the artist's brother—his first likeness in oils—so comparatively without vigor, to the strong, massive head of Lord Chancellor Cottenham. There is a strength, expressiveness and felicity of color and drawing in the portraits of President Duer, Macauley, Wordsworth, Dr. Chalmers, Bishop White and others, which invest them with an interest, as works of art, seldom realized by modern painters. We feel that they must be in the highest degree *characteristic*. This is what enabled Titian and Vandyke to elevate portrait painting into historical interest and value. Inman's facility of execution is finely indicated in the portrait of Jacob Barker, for which he had but one sitting; and in the admirable pen and crayon sketches of C. F. Hoffman and W. T. Porter, which are speaking likenesses, thoroughly effective without the aid of color.

Birnam Wood and Trout-Fishing are landscapes which will bear the most patient scrutiny. As we study them, we can almost feel the woodland breeze and hear the gurgle of the water. Nothing but a vivid sympathy with nature could have inspired so feeling an imitation of her charms. "Mumble the Peg," and "The Boyhood of Washington"—are among the most delightful specimens of composition we remember.—Each tells its own story, with a truthfulness and grace rarely equalled. The lovers of Leslie and Wilkie will find great satisfaction in these cabinet gems, and recognize, at the same time, the individuality of Inman's genius. We can trace his manner of executing portraits in the one of his daughter, where the expression is already wrought into the unfinished sketch, proving that it was his habit to seize primarily on this—the great object of portrait-painting—instead of annexing it at a later stage to the mechanical details.

The portrait of an infant (No. 77) is one of the most remarkable things in the exhibition. We are informed that it was painted after the child's death, entirely from the father's description of its lineaments; and is a satisfactory likeness. A painter's life abounds in significant passages, and one of the most touching we ever heard, is that of a parent sitting for hours beside an artist engaged in transferring the beloved features from his memory. The quotation from Moore's "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," appended in the catalogue to a view of the scene, reminds us of the dramatic effect with which the departed was wont to recite that poem, after the manner of a well-known elocutionist, for the amusement of his friends.

Inman's imitative powers were versatile and some of his recitations singularly felicitous. And yet the great charm of his nature, the loveable attribute, the endearing memory, is his conscientiousness, his self-forgetful enthusiasm, his genu-

ine simplicity. Talent and kindliness, cordiality and frankness were, indeed, rarely mingled in his character, and to all who knew him well, affection for the generous friend blends with admiration for the gifted artist. All such will respond to Mr. Schoolcraft's sentiment:

Grave! thou hast snatched him, but ne'er try,
Thou canst not make his memory die,
Nor break that golden link and tie,
The name of Henry Inman!

In transferring the preceding notice to our columns from the *Courier and Enquirer*, we cannot refrain from a brief expression of gratitude to the writer for the eloquent fervor of the tribute he has paid to excellence which none could know so well as it was known to us, but of which we are restrained from speaking, as we could, by motives, open to the appreciation of the reader.

We desire also to add a few remarks in reference to the two pictures mentioned by the *Courier* in illustration of the artist's "development." We entertain a thorough conviction that the little piece called "*Sterne's Maria*" was not painted by Mr. Inman. It presents not a trace of his style—it has no resemblance whatever to copies made by him when he first began to work on canvass—we were at that time in the habit of being with him more or less almost every day, and of seeing everything he painted; and though we have a distinct recollection of many other crude efforts, there is nothing in this which at all brings it to our memory. We never saw any work of his so bad in every respect.

Of the portrait mentioned by the *Courier*—whose remark as to its feebleness is perfectly just—we have to add a fact more illustrative of the artist's development than the painting itself. In coloring it shows him almost if not quite as skilful at that time—twenty-three years ago—as at any period of his professional career; but for that portrait he had more than twenty long sittings. He had not then acquired the precision and boldness, the just confidence in eye and hand, which afterward enabled him to dash a speaking likeness upon canvass in half an hour.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

CHRISTMAS.

THE awful and glorious remembrances which belong to this season naturally indispose us to refer to the trivialities of political life. To those remembrances all human things are comparatively trivial. What are the changes of administrations, the struggles of faction, the rivalries of public men, or even the more formidable convulsions of public opinion, to the recollection of an EVENT, whose promise occupied the noblest minds of that nation, whose history was Miracle. In this Event, we commemorate the origin of that Divine Faith, whose progress changed the whole aspect of society; whose impulse has been propagated to the ends of the earth, and whose consummation will restore human nature to its original rank, and even then be only a preparative for powers, and conceptions, for scenes of sovereignty, and the enjoyment of faculties, fitted for the aspirations of an Immortal!

Without venturing on topics, into which it belongs to others to inquire, nothing can be more evident, than that religion, under its various aspects of individual principle, and of national polity; as a motive to the heart, and as a great, plastic principle of human government, is beginning to exhibit

an unexpected, yet most influential, operation on society. The questions, of the nature of its tenets, of its natural effects upon the general mind, of its value as a reconciler of man to the difficulties of a life, obviously intended as a school for the exercise of his moral and physical faculties; are all beginning to assume a new importance in the eyes, even of those to whom its absolute necessity for the guidance and consolation of the spirit of man, are less the subject of knowledge. The world may not be more religious in our day, but religion impresses itself on public events with deeper force, and to a wider extent. All the great questions of England are now connected with the discipline and the destiny of the church. The most important question of Germany, at this moment, centres in religion. The most disturbing crisis in even the Russian empire, is involved in the question of religious change; and all those new and exciting causes are, from day to day, combining to produce results, to which the past were like the sportings of children. The unexampled duration of peace in Europe may even have been permitted, for the direct purpose of nurturing this greatest of all changes; and even the present generation may be called on, to witness achievements of truth, and struggles of error, which shall mould the future, in every coming period of the world.—*Britannia*.

From the Spectator.

EASTERN EUROPE AND THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

To judge from *The White Slave* and the work before us, (*The Revelations of Russia* we have never seen,) the author is likely to be a diplomatist, too imaginative for his trade. He appears to have some knowledge of men and things in the line of life where ambassadors and their followers "cultivate a connexion;" he is familiar, if not with the original literature of diplomacy, with the books that diplomatists, especially foreign diplomatists, write, as well as with the sort of political philosophy in which they shine; and he has a very fluent, rotund, and even powerful state-paper style. But his views are too startling, his speculations too vast, to satisfy "this" or any other "office;" whilst his predictions of "change" must be "perplexing to monarchs," let alone foreign ministers. With this exaltation of mind, there would, we dare to say, be something of inconsistency in his different despatches were they all read together, and certainly a strong leaning to a side, as well as a remarkable disposition to theorize and judge of everything by the color of his own spectacles. He violates from first to last the impressive warning of M. de Talleyrand to young diplomatists—"Above all, sir, let us have no zeal."

The object of *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas* is to lay bare the atrocious tyranny of the autocrat, and to unfold the author's views of the national, social, and intellectual characteristics of eastern Europe, together with the political prospects of the rather extensive regions he indicates by that term. The book and the theories in it are distinguished by all the peculiarities which we mentioned as characterizing the author's mind; everything, therefore, which he states is to be received with caution, however plausible it may appear from our actual ignorance of the subjects in question, or the evidence on which he declares

the facts to be supported. But it is well to have had the book; because if there is any truth in the predictions grounded on the theory, by preventing wonder it may prevent rash conduct should they ever come to pass. The outline of the view is something like this:

The Slavonic people, embracing the Finns, Russians proper and Cossack, the Poles, the Hungarians, and the provinces now or lately tributary to Turkey—as Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia—are in number from eighty to a hundred millions. This vast population is held in captivity or subjection by about thirty-five millions of Germans, (or rather by about fourteen millions, forming the states of Austria and Prussia,) and by the house of Romanoff—the Russian imperial family being now essentially German, whatever they may originally have been; whilst many of its employes are of that nation, and the whole system of its government. The manner in which so few, and those not fashioned by nature to be the lords of human kind, has been able to domineer over so many, is owing to the ignorance of the Slavonic race, and the wide prevalence of slavery amongst them; forty-five out of every sixty-three persons being serfs, or rather slaves; whilst in Muscovy thirty-four are slaves in every thirty-six. Strictly speaking, however, ignorance, and perhaps blood, is at the bottom of it all; for a main prop of the Russian government is the awe with which the serfs regard the emperor—looking upon him as a superior being over their lords, and a protecting power against them; whilst the gallant nobility of Poland are shown by modern researches to have been a foreign race, and probably the Hungarian nobles are of the same caste. But this state of things is passing away. The Polish nation is, of course, ripe for revolt, whenever an opportunity offers; the tyrannies of Nicholas, so far from having subdued them, only inflaming them more. In Hungary, education and improvement are advancing; the Slavonic provinces tributary to Turkey are moving slowly in the same direction; and, though owing their present freedom in part to the Russian government, yet they are now as hostile to it as the rest of their brethren, in consequence of observing its oppressions. In Russia also, opinion is on the move. The nobility, in the style of this author, are “profoundly inimical” to the government, that is, to the imperial power; but if his character of them in other places is at all correct, their enmity is of little consequence to any one whom they have not “under their thumb.” The masses, that is, the thirty-four out of the thirty-six of the population, are the great support of the imperial family. The private slaves could not be stimulated to rise against their tsar; and if they could, the nobility dare not attempt it, as they would be the first victims, and in a worse style than that of the *Jacquerie*—as is constantly proved by partial insurrections, when they proceed to roast their oppressors and commit other atrocities. Still, some gleams of light are penetrating even here. The soldiers (the Russian privates are all serfs) who have served in foreign countries, have got rid of nearly all this veneration for the emperor; and it is observed that even the troops stationed in Poland become a degree liberalized. The imperial serfs, considerably increased of late by confiscation of private estates, have also lost much of the veneration for their “father,” whose oppressions they feel; and this is strikingly shown in their outbreaks.

“The conduct of the insurgents is usually in both cases the same; with this remarkable distinction, however, that in every one of these rebellions, from that dangerous outbreak in the military colonies on the banks of the Volchova, towards the close of Alexander’s reign, down to those of most recent occurrence, the imperial slaves, when once roused, show none of that superstitious awe for the sovereign, which with their fellow slaves survives even when they have furiously broken through all other trammels.

“An officer who witnessed the revolt of the military colonies in the government of Novogorod, and who had some reason to remember them, having narrowly escaped being boiled alive, informed the author, that when he made an appeal to the rebels in the emperor’s name, they tore the portrait of his imperial majesty from the walls, and ignominiously trampled it under foot. The image of the saint which hangs in the corner of every Russian apartment, was, however, still respected.”

Besides all these, there is a latent element of movement in the different races of Russia. The southern or little Russians, Poles in blood, whom our author calls Ruthemians, but who are commonly known as the Cossacks, are a bolder and more independent race than the Muscovites, and are connected with the Poles by the sympathetic ties of a kindred language and a common tradition.

The conclusion our author draws from all this is, that Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are not nations like the English and the French, but only governments, liable at any moment to be overthrown; incapable of resisting conquest, like the Spaniards against Napoleon, or of defying extirpation, like the Italians and the Poles. From the general views we have given, and a great variety of particulars, the author infers that the subjects of these three governments are all in a volcanic state; and signs threaten an early eruption. Why the Turkish tributaries, who are represented as satisfied with their condition, should plunge into war—how and by what means the Poles are to form a nucleus and organize a revolt—when and for what cause Russia is to rise in blind and bloody insurrection—he does not explain. He is only particular with Austria; which, he says, will fall to pieces after the death of Metternich, who alone holds the incongruous empire together. Perhaps Hungary isolated, certainly with Austrian Poland, (and, as would be most probable, an Italian insurrection,) might maintain herself against the cabinet of Vienna in the case of a general war, to furnish her with allies, or if the feelings of the Slavonic people should prevent the Prussian and Russian governments from acting with effect, or acting at all. Whether Hungary, without further cause than the death of Metternich, would do so, is another question. However, we must not omit the main purpose of the author in publishing; which is to advertise the true condition of eastern Europe, and to warn England against any interference in favor of those unnatural governments when the predicted convulsions occur.

Mixed up with these political theories is an exposition of the character of Russian slavery, and of the tyranny of Nicholas; for the author places it all to the emperor; his ministers frequently disapproving of his measures. The account of the serf system does not greatly differ from that of other writers, or from what might be expected;

and is painted with more appearance of reality than in *The White Slave*. The various stories told of the tyranny of the emperor are of so revolting a character that the reader turns away in disgust. Whether they are true or not to their full extent, the mind is sickened at such brutal outrages, and at the brutal degradation of the slaves, which can permit such a monster to trample on them. We cannot, however, go along with our author to the full extent of his theory. Morally responsible the emperor undoubtedly is, for he grants the power, and does not control its exercise; but, from the nature of the case, he cannot give personal directions for such crimes as these. They took place during the late religious persecution in Poland.

TREATMENT OF POLISH PRIESTS.

"About this period, several monks of Saint Basilius were brought to the same convent. Their treatment is described as having been more barbarous than even that of the nuns. Four of these men, Zawiecki, Komar, Zilewicz, and Buckzynski by name, all upwards of seventy years of age, were at last, in the full severity of winter, stripped and placed under a pump, where, as the water was poured over them, it gradually congealed into a mass of ice, and froze them to death; another, named Abbé Laudanski, aged and infirm, whilst staggering beneath a load of fire-wood, was struck upon the head with such violence, by a drunken deacon, that his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

"It must here be explained, that all the lower or white clergy in the Russian Church is very ignorant and depraved, and that the deacons are the lowest among them."

TREATMENT OF NUNS.

"Such, notwithstanding all the repressive terrors of the Russian authorities became the feeling of the population of the city of Polock, that it was found unsafe to continue the persecution of the nuns within its walls; and they were ordered to be removed to the borough of Medzioly, in the province of Minsk.

"This public defeat of the Russian bishop and authorities was, however, revenged on these poor women, by an act of such diabolical malignity as only the most undeniable evidence can render credible.

"When the Russian soldiers, and the newly-made deacons, had been rendered drunk with brandy, all these helpless nuns were turned out among them as incurably obstinate, to treat as they thought fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of pandemonium—the shrieks and prayers of the victims mingling with the oaths, blasphemies, and ribaldry of the crowd, to whose brutal lust they were abandoned.

"When the fury of these demons in human form had been exhausted, it was discovered that two of these unfortunate females were quite dead. The skull of one had been crushed by the stamping on the temples of an iron-plated heel. The other was trampled into such a mass of mud and gore that even its human character was scarce recognizable. Eight others had one or several bones or limbs broken, or their eyes torn or trodden out. Of the whole number, the superior, a woman of iron frame as well as indomitable resolution, fared the best; but she was not allowed to attend or console her mutilated sisters except on the condition of apostasy.

"They were afterwards marched out of Polock by night on foot, and chained two by two—even those whose eyes had been tore out, and whose hideous wounds were festering. Those whose legs were broken, or who were lamed, were sent forward in carts under the care of Cossacks."*

The following is curious, "if true." Konarski, the hero of the story, attempted in 1835 to produce an insurrection; and, after traversing Poland in safety, but without much effect, was arrested through the spontaneous treachery of a German.

"The greater part of what he endured during his long incarceration was never known; it was only ascertained, that when found to be mute under the lash, as a means of torture he was fed on salt provision, and tempted in vain to speak, in the fever of burning thirst, by liquids placed before him. The deprivation of sleep was resorted to. When he had been constantly wakened up in his slumbers, burning sealing-wax was dropped on to his flesh. When all attempts had failed, and that he was reduced to such a feeble and emaciated condition that his life became daily precarious, judgment was passed upon him, and he was condemned to death. As soon as his sentence had been pronounced, he turned to his judges, and, extending out his hands, burned to the quick, in an affecting speech, which brought the tears into the eyes of many of the bronzed officials, forgave them for all their cruelty towards himself, and prayed for his enemies.

"So profound was the impression which Konarski's behavior produced, even on the Russians, that two officers successively refused to shoot him, and from that time disappeared. His death was in this respect remarkable, that of all the Polish victims his fate alone elicited the sympathies of the Russians; partly, perhaps, through its being so widely bruited, and partly because of its having taken place beneath the eyes of those in whom the tendency to assimilate in feeling with the Poles had already made some progress. The Russian officers secretly purchased his fetters; which were converted into rings, and worn by a secret society, discovered shortly afterwards, in which the subalterns of a whole division of the army were compromised. Up to this moment, there are several officers of the imperial guard who treasure up and show with mysterious precaution, the author has witnessed, small rings of iron, said to be derived from the same source, and which they regard with all the awe which relics still more equivocal frequently inspire."

Besides the political subjects, a considerable part of the two volumes is devoted to modern Slavonic literature; in which the author gives notices, with translated specimens of the more distinguished authors; and on this ground we think him more reliable than in his larger speculations, as his critical taste is good, except when his prejudices operate.

*The *Journal des Débats* states that the abbess who lately escaped from Poland, after suffering persecution with the nuns under her charge, at the hands of a renegade bishop, has arrived in Rome, and is the object of universal sympathy. In many convents of Rome, the nuns add to their ordinary prayers the oburgation—"A furore Nicolai libera nos, Domine!" The *Journal* calls upon the emperor to free his character from the imputation of conniving at the persecution exercised on the Roman Catholics of Poland by partisans of the Greek Church.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

AMONG the places which I have visited, is the *Dead Letter Office*, in the post office department. It is certainly an interesting part of that building. You will be surprised at some facts I learned there. The business of the dead letter office alone, employs four clerks all the time. One opens the bundles containing the letters sent to Washington, from the several post offices, after they have been advertised and no owner found for them. He passes the letters over to the other clerks, who open them all, to see if they contain anything valuable. If they do not, they are thrown on to the pile on the floor. No time is allowed to read them, as that would be impossible, without a great addition of help. The number of dead letters returned to the general post office is astonishingly large. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is *fourteen hundred thousand* a year, and under the cheap postage system is increasing! Hence it requires swift hands to open so large a number, without stopping to read a word. Any one who is so silly as to write a mess of nonsense to an imaginary person, supposing it will be ultimately read by some one, may save himself the trouble hereafter. He may depend upon it, not a word will be likely to be read of the letter, unless he encloses something valuable in it; and that would be paying too dear for so small a whistle. At the end of each quarter, the letters that have been opened having accumulated to a huge mass, and having been in the mean time stowed into bags, are carried out on the plains, and there consumed in a bonfire. The huge bags make five or six cart loads each quarter.

The letters containing anything valuable, or in fact, any matter enclosed—are passed over to a fourth clerk, who occupies a separate room for the purpose, and there are canvassed by this gentleman. It is very interesting to examine the heterogeneous materials of this room, that have been extracted from letters, and accumulating for years. Here you see the singular matters that are sometimes transported through the post office. The amount of moneys, that at various times has been found in letters, is very large. When anything of value, as money, drafts, &c., is found, the rule is, to return it to the post office, whence it came, and the postmaster of that office must advertise it, or use any other means best calculated to find the owner. If all his efforts fail, he returns it to the general office and it is labelled and filed away. Sometimes as much as \$300 are found in a week, in dead letters! I think within this month several hundreds have been found. An iron chest is kept for the purpose of these deposits. In looking over the files in that chest, I was astonished at the amount of money there, and the large sums contained in some of the letters. Some single letters containing \$50, \$40, \$20, and down to \$1. One letter contained a £10 note—very likely the property of some poor emigrant, (intended for his wife or children,) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found.

Among this money, is a good deal of counterfeit. —The letters are all labelled, not only with the sums, but also whether containing counterfeit or good money. There were many bad small bills, scattered through the piles. In one case there was a bad half eagle—in another were two letters, each containing \$300 counterfeit money! It was on some New York bank, new, and very nicely

done—and was no doubt, the remittance of one counterfeiter to another—who had been in the mean time apprehended, or who was suspicious he was watched, and hence had been too cunning to call for the wicked deposit of his confederate. In the strong box, also, was a box of change, of all kinds, and a large string of rings of various fancies and values, taken from the dead letters. Many a love token of this modest kind, enveloped in a letter couched in most honeyed words, and intended, in the mind of the writer, for the dearest girl in the universe, had, instead of reaching its interesting destination, brought up in the dead letter office, passed through the practical hands of these cold, grey-haired clerks, who never stopped to read the tender effusion that cost so much racking of the heart-strings—and the delicate pledge of affection had been tossed into the iron chest, instead of encircling the taper finger of “the love” for whom it was purchased.

But passing out of the chest, the matters that meet your eye on the shelves and in the cases are equally interesting. Here are books, and ribbons, and gloves, and hosiery, and a thousand other things. I saw one specimen of a most splendid ribbon of several yards, that seemed very much out of place here—when it was intended to adorn the bonnet of some lady. A package lay near, that had not been opened. It was from England. The postage was \$8.63. It had been refused at the office where sent, because of its enormous postage, and was sent to the dead office in due course of time. Now, said the superintendent, I will show you what valueless things are sent through the mails, in comparison to their expense. I do not know what is in this, but we will see. So he opened it, and behold, it contained about a yard of coarse cloth, like crash, worth perhaps a shilling, which had been sent to some dry goods’ house in this country, as a specimen of the manufacture of the article, by some factory in England. Of course, the postage being thirty times its value, it was refused by those to whom it was directed. I saw *two night caps* that were taken from a letter only a few days since. If the poor fellow to whom they were sent does not sleep in a night cap until he gets these, his head will be cold. It is impossible for the department to attend to finding owners for the comparatively valueless things that are received; as night caps, ribbons, garters, stockings, stays, bustles, &c., &c., and they are therefore thrown into the receptacle of “things lost to earth,” and a pretty “kettle of fish” there is in that receptacle, you may depend.

In the cases, arranged and labelled for the purpose, are the legal documents found in letters. These are numerous, and run back for a long term of years. They are most carefully preserved. The beneficial policy of this preservation has been often illustrated, and most strikingly so, only the other day. A gentleman, in a distant state, wrote the superintendent that some seven or eight years ago, a large package of most valuable papers had been lost through the post-office. They involved the right to a large estate. If he could not find them he would be irretrievably ruined, and begged him to search in the department for them. He did so. He told me that the first case he opened, under a pile of other papers, he saw a large package, answering the description. He took it out, and it was the very papers wanted. They had slept there quietly for years. The postage was about \$10—and they had originally, by

some mistake, failed of their rightful owner. The package had been carefully preserved, and the owner was peculiarly saved.

I have given you but a faint description, after all, of this interesting portion of the general post-office operations. My letter, however, has reached a prudent length, and I must stop. The gentleman who superintends this wing, is Jere. O'Brien, Esq., of Brunswick, in our county. He has been here about ten months. To his politeness, I was much indebted, in my observations. I have heard his gentlemanly deportment spoken of by others in this connection. He is a fine specimen of the New England gentleman, and I am happy to record his success in obtaining a place in this department.—*Portland Argus*.

EARLY HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

WE some time since noticed casually the publication of "The History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch. By E. B. O'Callaghan"—a work deserving of far more attention than we have found time to give it. Meeting in "Appleton's Literary Bulletin" the following notice of the work from the Albany Evening Journal, we transfer it to our columns, trusting that at least the descendants of the old Knickerbockers, so grossly caricatured in the only popular account of them extant (Irving's travesty) will testify their appreciation of this authentic history, by one of a different race and faith. The Journal says:

"The early history of what is now the State of New York, was but imperfectly and obscurely known. Much of it might be picked up, here and there, as incidental to other histories; but much of it was *practically* lost, from the fact that it only existed in the Dutch language, and there but in manuscript. It was at best, therefore, a mere history of "shreds and patches."

With nothing at the other end of our career to which the reader could "make fast," Dr. O'Callaghan applied himself to the task of posting up our old Historical Ledger. To this task he brought, with great industry and perseverance, much general reading and intelligence. He was previously a good Greek, Latin and French scholar, but to qualify himself for this duty, he mastered the Dutch language.

The author of this work says that he had occasion, several years ago, to enter upon an extensive course of reading, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature and extent of the constitutional rights enjoyed by the American colonies previous to the Revolution of 1776; that in taking up the History of the Province of New York, he discovered that he could get no farther back than 1664. Here was a *lapse* of more than half a century in the connected history of a people not yet two centuries and a half old! Thinking, not unreasonably, that the "Empire State" could ill afford either to lose a fifth part of its history, or be content with so much of it as might be imperfectly gathered in scraps and fragments from confused materials and uncertain sources, he determined to rescue, by researches and translations, a history of "New Netherland," from its discovery until it became, by its surrender to the Duke of York, the "Province of New York."

In looking into the archives of the state, Dr. O'Callaghan found between twenty and thirty vol-

umes of Dutch manuscripts, from the translation of which some endeavored to discourage him by pronouncing them "tame, pacific, dry and uninteresting." But he persevered, nevertheless, and instead of being as represented, he says that he found these volumes "teeming with every material which could render historical research a work of pleasure and improvement."

This work commences with the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1491. The first book brings the history up to 1621, when Hudson, who sailed from Amsterdam in the "Half-Moon," in search of a North-West passage to India and China, after coasting along from Cape Cod to the mouth of the Chesapeake, returned and came up the noble river which is honored by his name. The second book carries the history forward to 1638, commencing with the charter of the Dutch West India Company. Book third runs up to 1647, and to the end of Director Kieft's administration, when Gen. Petrus Stuyvesant assumed the reins of government.

The city of New York, when it was surrendered by the Dutch to the English, contained 343 houses and 3,430 inhabitants.

This work contains two very valuable and interesting maps: one of "New Netherland," discovered by Mr. Broadhead, the Historical agent, at the Hague; the other, of Rensselaerwyck," drawn in 1630, by Gillis Van Schendel, and preserved by A. Douw Lansing, Esq.

Aside from its general usefulness, this book is rich in local interest. It contains a minute and authentic history of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck, and its first settlement, with such an account of the laws, tenures, duties privileges, &c., as to show the political, civil and social condition of the inhabitants.

The first settlers for the "Colonie" embarked in the Patroon's ship *Endracht*, Capt. Jan Brouwer, in March, 1631, and arrived at Manhattes after a passage of 64 days. Upon reaching "Fort Orange," they were furnished with houses, cattle, &c., by the Patroon, with whom they divided the increase of stock, and shared equally the produce of their farms. The Patroon established stores, from which the settlers purchased what they required. The Patroon appointed magistrates, whom he clothed with civil and criminal jurisdiction.

Dr. O'Callaghan, in this account of New Netherland, has added a really valuable contribution to American history. It will give him deserved celebrity as an author; and we both hope and believe that his labors, time and talents will find suitable reward in the sale of his book.—*Tribune*.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. G. Simms. New York. Wiley & Putnam.

THIS is a second series of tales under the same title, and forms the twelfth volume of the publishers' "Library of American books." Every one knows that Mr. Simms wields a vigorous pen, and is peculiarly happy in narrative. This volume, we believe, will add to his reputation. In reference to one of the stories he has perhaps indulged in a certain Flemish freedom of touch which may not please the over-fastidious, but he claims to have wrought out in it, with due regard to the coarseness of the material, a web in which the cause of virtue forms the main design and is the prominent figure.—*Com. Adv.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Zwei Bedenken über die Deutsch-Katholische Bewegung.* (*Two Series of Remarks on the German Catholic Movement.*) By Dr. C. ULLMANN, and ALBERT HAUBER. 8vo. Hamburg: 1845.
2. *Die Geschichte des Heiligen Rockes unseres Heilandes, welcher in der Dom Kirche zu Trier aufbewahrt wird.* (*The History of the Holy Coat of our Saviour, which is preserved in the Cathedral at Trèves.*) By JOSEPH VON HOMMER. 12mo. Bonn: 1845.
3. *Der Heilige Rock zu Trier, und die Zwanzig andern Heiligen Ungenähnten Röcke. Eine Historische Untersuchung.* (*The Holy Coat at Trèves, and the Twenty other Holy Seamless Coats. An Historical Inquiry.*) By Dr. J. GILDEMEISTER, and Dr. H. VON SYBEL. 8vo. Bonn: 1845.
4. *Geschichte der Gründung und Fortbildung der Deutsch-Katholischen Kirche.* (*History of the Origin and Formation of the German Catholic Church.*) By Dr. EDWIN BAUER, a Clergyman of the German Catholic Church. 12mo. Meissen: 1845.
5. *Notes on the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Schism from the Church of Rome, called the German Catholic Church, instituted by Johannes Ronge and J. Czerski, in October, 1844, on occasion of the Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat at Trèves.* By SAMUEL LAING, Esq. 12mo. London: 1845.
6. *The Apostolic Christians, or Catholic Church of Germany: a Narrative of the Present Movement in the Roman Catholic Church; comprising Authentic Documents with Reference to the Coat of Trèves; the Confessions, Protests, and Organization of the First Seceding Congregations; and the Acts of the General Assembly of Leipzig.* Edited by HENRY SMITH, Esq. With a *Recommendatory Preface*, by the Rev. W. GOODE, M.A., F.S.A. 12mo. London: 1845.
7. *A German Catholic's Farewell to Rome: a Short Account of the Religious Movement actually taking place in Germany. Dedicated to all who interest themselves in the Abolition of Popery.* By an English Resident in Germany. With a *Portrait and Memoir of Johannes Ronge, the Luther of the Nineteenth Century.* 12mo. London: 1845.

THOUGH it is not very pleasant to speculate on the magnitude or importance of changes yet in progress, the recent religious movement amongst the Roman Catholics of Germany is an occurrence of which our readers may not unnaturally expect us to give them some account. It is safer, no doubt, to be historians of the past, than prophets of the future. The latter we need never be; yet something more than the first is often required of the public journalist, who must do his best to aid his readers in forming an opinion of passing, as well as of past events; and must therefore sometimes venture, on evidence which may be more or less incomplete, to express opinions as deduced from such evidence, which time may show to be more or less erroneous. All that can be demanded of him, is, that he should sedulously seek the most authentic sources of information, state the evidence thus obtained with conscientious impartiality, and conjecture from it the complexion of the future with modesty and caution. And he who acts otherwise

—who pretends to cast the horoscope of revolutions still in their cradle, with the confidence of some astrological quack—has not only read to little purpose the lessons of history, but shows himself incapable of being taught even by the numberless failures of those who have been bold enough to prophesy, where it is given to man only to guess. Such are the infinitely varied, and in themselves ever-varying causes, which determine the course of great revolutions, whether political or religious; such the conflict of interests and passions—interests and passions often very remotely connected with the main action of the drama; such the influence of what, in the language of mortals, is called “accident,” as well as of unlooked-for causes suddenly supervening “in the very moment of projection,” that a merely human doctor of politics may well be often tempted to retire from practice, with the reason that the French physician assigned for doing the like, “that he was tired of guessing.” And this is especially the case, when the observer is situated out of the immediate sphere of action; when, to borrow an illustration from astronomy, he has to make perpetual allowance for parallax, and to correct his observations by transferring himself to an imaginary centre.

We have endeavored to bear these observations in mind, in penning the following brief remarks on the history and probable consequences of that recent religious movement on the continent, which some confidently hail as the dawn of a second reformation, and which others look upon doubtfully, as but a brilliant meteoric light; which some think will be both permanent and extensive; others again, extensive for a time, but not permanent; and others, neither permanent nor extensive.

We think it a favorable omen for the *permanence* of this movement, whatever its extent, that it is not an impulse of yesterday. This has been too frequently overlooked by English writers on the subject, who have been apt to speak of the pilgrimage to the “Holy Coat of Trèves,” instituted during the autumn of the past year, and of which we shall presently give some further account, as the sole or principal cause, whereas it was but the occasion of the movement. We confess we should have had but little faith in the steadfastness of any changes which had been merely the result of a sudden impulse, however strong for the time. It could not, surely, have been so wonderful, that a few members of the Romish church (and they are still in *proportion* few) had been so disgusted with the exhibition at Trèves as to quit her pale, as that a million and a half of human beings in the nineteenth century could be prevailed upon to patronize it; and if it were a matter of transitory feeling merely, it would be much more probable, that in a country so circumstanced, the few recusants would be reabsorbed, or die without propagating the species, than that any impression could be made on the immense majority; on the multitudes who could signalize their devotion to their spiritual mother by such acts of humiliating fealty, and who thereby showed themselves bound to her by the double ties of profound ignorance and intense docility—each the safeguard of the other. Those who profess to see, in the exhibition of the “Holy Coat of Trèves,” the primary cause of the movement, are fond of dwelling on the somewhat similar circumstances under which Luther commenced the reformation; and we admit that there are obvious and curious analogies between the two events.

It is impossible to think of the "Holy Coat," the purposes for which it was exhibited, the spiritual lures held out to the pilgrims, and of Ronge's energetic protest, without thinking of Tetzel and his indulgences—of Luther and his Theses. But in truth the analogy lies still deeper, and may be traced still further. A gradual preparation for the event had in both cases been going on for years; especially in the minds of the chief originators. As we recently had occasion to remark, nothing is more evident, in perusing the early correspondence of Luther, than that the germ of the reformation existed in his bosom long before the appearance of Tetzel in the neighborhood of Wittemberg, and that, if the indulgences had not developed it, something else would. In like manner, if we look at the published confessions of the chief instruments of the present change, we find them expressly assuring us, that this was also the case with them;* that the mummery of the Holy Coat, was "the one drop more" which filled the cup to overflowing, the few grains of tartarized antimony which provoked an oppressed conscience to throw off its load; that for years they had lived utterly estranged from the entire spirit of the system to the letter of which they were still bound; and that no language can adequately express the weariness of soul with which they acquiesced in the observance of an institute in which they had ceased to believe, and wore the livery of a master whom they at once feared, detested and despised.

But not only in the previous mental history of the chief instruments of the present revolution, do we see indications that its germ existed in their bosom before the pilgrimage to Trèves gave it shape and substance; but we have abundant proofs, that through a great part of Catholic Germany the same dissatisfaction had spread;—just as the remorseless exactions, the insatiable cupidity, the outrageous corruptions of the Papal court, had provoked similar dissatisfaction in the days of Luther. The present manifestation has, indeed, been the growth, and is at length the expression, of twenty years of discontent. We do not affirm this from conjecture, but from conversation with men thoroughly well acquainted with the present condition of the German mind, as well as from the express assertions of many of their most intelligent writers. Such is the view of Dr. Ullmann and Albert Hauber, authors of one of the publications prefixed to this article. Both are protestants; the former a writer of considerable distinction.

Dr. Ullmann dates the origin of the movement many years before Bishop Arnoldi of Trèves thought of exhibiting the holy coat. The abuses which he specifies as having, amongst others, given birth to extensive discontent, are in the main the same as those which have so long agitated the minds of the Romish clergy in Silesia; which the excellent Bishop Sailer, the devoted Martin Boos, and others, longed to see reformed;—a reform which they urged with a pertinacity which made Rome regard them as her enemies, while her inflexibility, on the other hand, kept them in a state of precarious subjection to her. These points are auricular confession—the Latin service—communion in one kind, and the celibacy of the clergy.

* See Ronge's *Rechtfertigung*, (pp. 6-11,) or his *Leben und Wirken*, (p. 11.) Also Czerski's *Rechtfertigung meines Abfalles von der Römischen Hofkirche*, (p. 17, 18,) or his *Leben und Wirken*, (p. 7.) The principal facts will also be found in any of the English publications prefixed to this article.

A determination either to lighten the yoke of Rome, or, if that could not be, to break it, had been not obscurely indicated in 1843-4, before the pilgrimage to Trèves commenced. As if the long-felt reluctance to submit to ancient abuses had not been enough, the infamous law in relation to mixed marriages, by which Rome imperiously demanded that the issue of every union between Protestant and Catholic should be educated in the faith of the latter, at the peril of excommunication to the offending party, added further fuel to the flame. Nor was this all; general suspicion was excited by the resumption of antiquated and all but obsolete pretensions on the part of the Papacy; and by the revived energy and activity of the Jesuits. On this last point, all writers, both of the Protestant and the German Catholic parties, are agreed. "This disposition of the public mind," says Dr. Ullmann, "was not the effect of artifice, nor was it of yesterday. It had been forming for some time. The whole tendency of the age (*die ganze Strömung der Zeit*) had profoundly alienated (*innerlich entfremdet*) a large number of minds from the doctrinal and hierarchial system of Roman Catholicism. The confessional, considered as an indispensable ordinance, was regarded by many in the light of an invasion on the sacredness of conscience—and was by such, either not observed at all, or observed only in a mechanical manner, as an oppressive duty. The disputes in relation to mixed marriages had also occasioned ill blood in not a few families who were affected by them. The recent indications of an encroaching spirit in the Papacy, (*die neue Erhebung der Papstmacht*), and the progress of its sworn confederate, Jesuitism, made many a pious and noble mind thoughtful; to which must be added, that even apart from this, the mass of the indifferent or the freethinking were at variance, as with Christianity, so with the Catholic church. Then came the exhibition of the holy coat at Trèves. . . . Thus were the minds of men roused in our part of Germany; the fuel was already prepared, the spark which was to kindle it was alone wanting. It came at last from the opposite extremity of Germany—from Silesia, and the boundaries of Poland. It was a far answering echo—a necessary reaction, from the midst of the Catholic church itself, against what had long since taken place, and especially against what was taking place at Trèves."

We think it then clear, both that the foundation of this revolution had been long laid; and that this circumstance affords a favorable omen for its possessing permanence, whatever may be its extent. Transient emotions, however strong, however extensive, lead but to transient results. It is by the slow process of years, and the concurrence of many causes, that those deep convictions and that settled purpose are formed, which inspire persevering opposition to an ancient system, and which are proof alike against cajolery and intimidation; it is thus that are created habits of thought hardened by time, till they are as difficult to change as the very prejudices against which they are directed. Paroxysms of very general but transitory excitement occur in the history of every people, from the influence of some passing event—excitement sometimes so intense that one would imagine that the most stupendous changes must be consequent upon it. It passes as a dream, and leaves in a few years scarce a trace behind it. It is like the mountain torrent, swollen by a night of tempest, and dry again before another sun has gone down. A permanent revolu-

tion of popular opinion rather resembles a river, fed in remote but unfailing sources, and gathering, as it rolls along, from many petty but still perennial tributaries, its ample flood of waters.

The causes which Dr. Ullmann specifies as having originated the present state of the German mind, are of this character. They lie deep in the Romish system itself, and must continue to irritate and alienate till they cease to exist.

It must be admitted—assuming, with Dr. Ullmann and other intelligent Germans, that the pile was already laid—that a more complete or expeditious mode of lighting it could not have been devised than the exhibition of the “holy coat.” It suggested at once a comparison with the proceedings of Tetzels; and, considering the different character of the age, it can scarcely be said to be marked by less effrontery than the sale of indulgences. It is indeed one of the most memorable events of our time, and may justify us in pausing upon it for a few minutes.

It is far from our wish to give pain to the members of any communion by dwelling on this gigantic act of folly; but it is due to truth that so instructive a lesson should not be disregarded; and to humanity that such an outrage, perpetrated in the name of religion, should not pass without censure. Indeed, Protestants may well be pardoned for plain speaking, on a proceeding with which Romanists themselves are so little satisfied; which has rent their communion itself asunder, and which has called forth the censures of many of the most enlightened men who still remain within her pale. They dare not defend, and they cannot leave her.

In whatever point of view the pilgrimage to Trèves is regarded, it seems to be equally worthy of attention. It is remarkable that Rome should have ventured on such a step at all: still more so, that having ventured, she should so far have succeeded. When we reflect that it was a somewhat similar outrage which condensed into so dark a cloud the electricity which, before the first reformation, pervaded the atmosphere of the church, and that the explosion which followed shook her empire to the foundations, it is wonderful that she should have ventured to renew anything like the same experiment on the same soil. Our surprise is augmented when we reflect, that, as we have already seen, the same elements of discontent lay around her as in Luther's time. We are yet more surprised when we reflect, that her last experiment with the same spiritual relic (made thirty-five years ago) excited murmurs which ought to have rendered her adherents doubly cautious of descending, with lighted torches, into a mine which had been so long closed. And lastly, our wonder is increased to the uttermost, when we further reflect, that, resolving to renew this experiment on popular credulity, she should have done so under circumstances which, taken all together, render it as audacious as any attempt hazarded in the age of Leo X., or by any of his emissaries—Tetzels not excepted. It was made, let us recollect, not in the beginning of the sixteenth, but the middle of the nineteenth century; not in a period of ignorance, but of widely diffused knowledge and universal education; not amongst a people of undivided faith, where each man's own superstition might keep his neighbor in countenance, but side by side with protestantism, and in the midst of it; not in an age of drowsy acquiescence in the claims of the priesthood, but in the midst of a rationalistic and free-thinking generation; in a word, in the very midst of inflammable

materials, which required only a single spark to explode them. To all which must be added, that it was to be made, not by means of some plausible novelty, but by one of the most threadbare artifices—one of the most vulgar appeals to popular credulity—Rome ever condescended to employ. The legend of the holy coat, or “seamless garment” of the Saviour, which tradition says is in the keeping of the clergy of Trèves, and which that same veracious teacher also says is in the possession of twenty other churches, is as gross an imposture as any on which the pardoners of the middle ages depended for the performance of the most real and most profitable of all their miracles—the transfer of the solid gold from the pockets of the people to their own. Nay, as if for the purpose of making the experiment under all possible disadvantages, this particular relic is beset with difficulties peculiar to itself, and which do not affect many others. With regard to many of the asserted relics of the Church of Rome, all we can do is to demand proof of their genuineness; and if a man say that any one of them is the thing it professes to be, we should have the same difficulty in disproving the assertion, as if he said that the people in the moon have tails. Rome cannot prove, and the objector cannot confute. The intrinsic improbability, the absence of all historic proof, and an instinctive dislike of absurdity, form the *ratio sufficiens* for rejecting them. But in the present case, he who believes in the holy coat of Trèves, must believe not only without reason, but against it; not only in the continued performance of multitudinous miracles, which have kept this extraordinary garment in its present integrity, but in that greatest of all miracles, which makes both sides of a palpable contradiction true; he must believe, without a shadow of historic probability, not only in the original recovery of this holy garment, some centuries after the crucifixion, by the keen scent of the relic-mongering Helena; and in its sudden rediscovery, after some more centuries of oblivion, as a sacred, but wholly unaccountable deposit in the cathedral of Trèves; but he must believe all this in the face of twenty other traditions, which assign the possession of the relic to other places—traditions, some of which undeniably have as much plausibility to recommend them, and none of which can possibly have much less. And as if to involve every faithful son of the church in the last degree of perplexity, or perhaps to try his docile faith to the uttermost, two at least of these holy coats have the sentence of infallibility itself in their favor. Leo X., in his bull of the year 1514, pronounced, in *his* infallibility, that that at Trèves was the genuine garment. But alas! Gregory XVI., not infallibly convinced of his predecessor's infallibility, or infallibly convinced that he infallibly erred, also infallibly assigned the same honor to that at Argenteuil. This mistake cannot well be rectified, except by an infallible declaration that two are one. *Rom hat gesprochen*, say Drs. Gildemeister and Sybel. These gentlemen have published a tractate of more than one hundred pages on the claims of all these “holy coats;” and a most amusing and elaborate production it is. They have gone into the subject with all the pains-taking diligence and minute accuracy of German erudition—for which, as may be supposed, it possesses unusual attractions. Not a nook, not a corner, of this profound inquiry has been left unexplored. Everything which scanty history and more copious tradition could contribute—everything which ingenious con-

jecture and personal inspection could suggest—has been pressed into this solemn investigation. Not content with reading up the whole literature of the subject, they have called in the evidence of those who have had the advantage of scrutinizing the matter by their senses, and who have aided these by science; who have measured the garment with the accuracy of tailors, and examined its color and texture through a microscope. And the conclusion to which our authors have arrived, is perhaps much the same as most persons would have arrived at without any such learned aids—that the said holy coat is no Eastern garment at all! If we could suffer ourselves to smile at any attempt to elicit truth, surely it would be impossible to refrain, at seeing two grave professors thus prodigal of proof on such a theorem. But we cannot allow ourselves to be otherwise than well pleased with any effort to disabuse humanity of any one of its superstitions; and can only hope that those who fail to be convinced by the more obvious arguments—who can surmount the difficulties arising from intrinsic probability, absence of historic proof, and *infallible* contradictions—may derive satisfaction from the other and more minute statements of Drs. Gilde-meister and Sybel. To us honest Protestants, of course, the book (however pleasant to read—and very pleasant it is, as an acute piece of historic criticism) is wholly unnecessary. Such an apparatus of proof for such an object, seems like resorting to trigonometry to ascertain the height of an object three feet high; or it may remind us of the tailors of Laputa, who “took the altitude by a quadrant, and described the dimensions of the whole body by a rule and compasses.”

It is curious that Martin Luther, in his very last sermon, makes reference to the delusions practised by means of the holy coat at Trèves, and in his usual style of energetic invective.

Such is the relic on which the Romish Church thought it right to rely as a means of rekindling the fervors of the people, or of testing their strength. Even the chief advocate of the Holy Coat is not ashamed to admit the extreme dubiousness of the grounds on which veneration is challenged, and to plead for its genuineness with a fainting heart. The utmost Joseph Von Hommer, late Bishop of Trèves, ventures to say, is as follows:—“The preceding is all I have been able to collect respecting the Holy Coat. Till future sources of information shall either refute or confirm what I have adduced, we must content ourselves with what has been brought forward. The decisions of any ancient matter, which cannot be *fully proved*, must be referred to a constituent principle in the mind of man. If, from whatever cause, he is prejudiced against anything, he will always be opposed to that which contradicts his views; but if he is predisposed in its favor, he readily accepts partial proofs as valid ones—and willingly abandons himself to the belief, that what he wishes is really true. An unbiased mind will, without reference to the question, always reverence whatever is venerable, for the sake of its antiquity.”* Singular logic!

The purpose for which the relic was to be exposed was worthy of the relic itself. It was from a similar motive with that which induced Leo's sale of Indulgences, and by which he justified it. In his case, the completion of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome was the object; in this, the

* The Bishop's tract was published in 1834, and republished at Bonn, 1844.

repair and embellishment of the Cathedral at Trèves.

And lastly, the promises of spiritual immunities and blessings were hardly less ample than those which a friar of the olden time might have proclaimed. Part of the official circular announcing the exhibition, is as follows. It will be observed that the Bull of Leo is quoted, as if an interval of more than three centuries had nothing to do with the matter:—

“During the course of the present year, the said holy relic will be exhibited in the Cathedral church, on the 18th of August next, for a period of six weeks, to gratify the pious desires of all those who have formed the design of undertaking a pilgrimage to Trèves, to honor the holy coat of our Divine Redeemer by direct inspection; and thus obtain the *entire absolution* promised by Pope Leo X., on the 26th of January, 1514. According to that celebrated bull, the said pope, desiring that the Cathedral at Trèves, which enjoys the honor of being the repository of the Seamless Coat of our Lord, and of so many other holy relics, may be distinguished in a corresponding manner by magnificent ceremonials and splendid ornaments, grants *full and perfect absolution, throughout all succeeding ages*, to those of the faithful who shall make a pilgrimage to Trèves on the exposition of the Holy Coat—sincerely repenting of their sins, and doing penance for the same, or who have formed the *steadfast resolution to do so*, and, moreover, contribute *liberally* towards the suitable endowment of the Cathedral at Trèves.”

Upon the whole, the experiment of Bishop Arnoldi, under all the circumstances of the case, would appear to be little short of infatuation. Where, we are ready to ask, was that astute spirit, that profoundly subtle policy, which is not unjustly attributed to the Romish Church, and by which she is supposed to read sagaciously the signs of the times, and to profit by every vicissitude in human affairs? The answer is, that in relation to that most important part of all government—the knowing how to adapt laws and usages to an altered state of society—the knowing when and how far reform has become inevitable—she has never evinced one particle of true policy. Be it a feature of wisdom or of folly, she never yields; of wisdom, it will of course be regarded by those who venerate her as the depositary of that truth which is itself unchangeable; of folly by those who think that she is incrustated with the errors and corruptions of other ages, which the present will not bear. With the same desperate consistency did she act at the period of the reformation; the reforms she attempted were all nugatory or insignificant; she adhered with inflexible pertinacity to every essential corruption of her system; and when at length, after numberless attempts to evade it, she yielded to the clamors of all Christendom for a general council, she stereotyped all her principal errors, and gave them the deliberate and irrevocable sanction of Trent. The Decrees of that council have thus been, in a thousand cases, a millstone about her own neck—binding her to her irreversible decisions, when time, the great reformer, had already proclaimed them obsolete. We can hardly be surprised, therefore, that Bishop Arnoldi should have thought it quite reasonable to bring on the stage of the nineteenth century, the obsolete machinery of superstition which even the sixteenth could not bear without rebellion.

But though the clergy of Trèves, in resolving

on this exhibition, egregiously miscalculated in relation to the elements of discontent which lay around them, and in relation to the possible remote consequences, they did not miscalculate the present power of Rome over the vast multitudes of her communion. As we have before said, remarkable as may have been the audacity of the experiment, still more remarkable is the fact, that it should have been so far successful.

The circular of Bishop Arnoldi was issued on the 6th of July, 1844. The exhibition began August 18th; and between that date and the middle of October, it is calculated that nearly, if not quite, a million and a half of pilgrims visited Trèves on this pious errand. Day after day, for weeks and months, they streamed into the city by thousands, and from every quarter of the compass; every road was thronged with the devout travellers, and every species both of land and water carriage employed to bring them to their destination; the steamers on the Moselle, gaily decorated, swarmed with pilgrims from the Rhine, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, and even from France, Belgium, and Holland, who were greeted on their landing with the thunder of artillery and the ringing of bells. Procession after procession, each with its priestly fagelman at its head, with banners flying, and music playing, filed into the privileged city; while its environs, and the city itself, were thronged with the incongruous, or, as some would say, not incongruous accompaniments of jugglers, mountebanks, and conjurers. And this immense and motley throng were gathered, from a country in which education has been the universal boast, to pay their adoration to an old coat! We speak advisedly; for the hymn which they sang, as they prostrated themselves before the Holy Coat, and worshipped, began with the words, "Holy Coat, pray for us;" while many subjoined, "O Holy Coat, we pray to thee!"*

Well may Dr. Ullmann declare, that it was in glaring contradiction to their present degree of knowledge, both religious and secular.†

* See *Apostolic Christians*, p. 20.

† Miracles of course were attendant on this exhibition of holy relics, though they seem to have been neither so numerous nor so imposing as those which, rather more than a century ago, rendered the tomb of the Abbé Paris so fruitful a scene of wonders. The most noted of them—the sudden cure effected on the Countess Droste Vischering—is already familiar to the English public. This lady had for years been afflicted with a contraction of the knee-joint. She had long tried all that medical skill could do for her; but like her in the Gospel who was miraculously healed by touching the hem of the garment of the living Saviour, she was nothing better for what she had expended on physicians, but rather grew worse—no uncommon case, the calumniators of medical art would say. No sooner, however, did she come in sight of the holy coat, and prostrate herself in adoration before it, than she was instantaneously cured, in proof of which she was enabled to walk to her carriage without the aid of her crutches, merely leaning on the arm of her grandmother. She departed home, as some say, perfectly cured; while others affirm that it was but a temporary alleviation, and that she is once more a cripple. Be this as it may, the crutches were hung up in the cathedral, as a trophy of this miraculous achievement. The Countess Droste Vischering might say to Bishop Arnoldi when she gave the crutches, as Sir Philip Sydney when he handed the cup of water to the dying soldier, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

The doctors, who, as Mr. Laing somewhat archly remarks, will suffer people "to be cured neither with a miracle nor without one," were not disposed to let this miracle pass unquestioned. They were jealous of any miraculous cures except their own, and unwilling to admit that there are any greater prodigies than those

During the continuance of this remarkable exhibition, the local authorities of Trèves required, in their wisdom, that both citizens and strangers should avoid all criticism on religious matters and opinions—being doubtless afraid lest "holes" should be picked in the holy coat.

In spite of such cautions, which, in fact, are always ineffectual, an expression loud enough was soon heard, and that just when the holy coat was at the height of its celebrity. We allude, of course, to the protest of John Ronge, dated October 1, 1844, from Laurahütte, a mining district in Upper Silesia. His story—as gathered from his own statements in the "*Rechtfertigung*" or "Justification," which was subsequently elicited by the accusations of his Roman Catholic adversaries—is soon told. He was born on the 16th of October, 1813, in Bishopswald, a village in the circle of Neisse near the Sudetic chain. His father possessed a small farm and a large family—John being the third of eleven. His early years were spent in tending sheep, and acquiring the elementary branches of knowledge which form the moderate curriculum of a village school. At the age of fourteen his father was prevailed upon to send him to the gymnasium in Neisse, which he entered in 1827 and did not quit till 1836. He seems to have been a diligent student, but, as usual with men of active character, he preferred history and his native literature, to philology and the classics. From the gymnasium at Neisse, he repaired to the University at Breslau. Here he dedicated himself to the study of theology, and made up his mind, contrary to the wishes of many of his friends, to become a priest. While at the

effected by their own powders and potions. Yet we have no doubt, that the palliation in this case (which we by no means suspect to have been other than real) was attributable to the very same causes to which the sons of Esculapius are indebted for not a few of their surprising cures, and which only the dishonest among them impute to the occult operation of innocent remedies. The holy coat had as little to do with the matter in the one case, as infinitesimal doses of some infinitely innoxious substances have to do with the other. It was, as in so many other cases, unbounded confidence in the physician; the mind triumphing over the body. The influence of the immaterial over the material part of our complex organization is in some degree familiar to us all, and the dependence of some forms of disease on this influence is universally acknowledged. The limits within which the mind can thus be the physician of the body, have not yet been accurately discovered; but for the cure of diseases which can be so cured, we would back religious enthusiasm against any faith which was ever reposed in the most impudent empiric which this credulous age has produced. The true test of miracles, and which, where it is found, may well entitle us to consider them as an affair of testimony, must take them clear beyond those limits within which the imagination may be supposed to operate; they must extend not only to the functional, but to the organic. Such, precisely, is the test to which the Scripture miracles appeal. They are not tentative—in some instances successful, and in some not; and they include such critical cases as the resurrection of the dead and the restoration of lost organs, effected in the presence of a multitude of hostile spectators. In such cases, we are at liberty to eliminate that indeterminate element—the supposed influence of imagination—and may fearlessly consider the question as one of testimony. An imagination which turns a wooden leg into one of flesh and blood, which makes an assembled multitude of unbelieving men believe it to be done, and that as often as it is required, is a thing not recognized in any sober system of mental philosophy. In the case of the Countess Droste Vischering, it has been shown by an intelligent physician at Kreuznach who knew her, that the effects might be fully accounted for by the enthusiasm of the patient.—See Laing's *Notes*, pp. 23–30.

University, he accomplished the usual term of military service in the corps of sharpshooters, under Major Von Firk. He has not forgotten this part of his course, and seems likely to practise in the "church militant" with much greater success than he could ever have met with under Major Von Firk.

In 1839 he left the classes of the University and entered "the seminary," his residence in which he describes as "a period fraught with the most mournful and painful conflicts." Brought into nearer contact with the function to which he had dedicated his life, he conceived the deepest abhorrence of it. "The veiled prophet" had uncovered, and the affrighted votary stood aghast. He tells us, "the confidence I had hitherto reposed in my spiritual instructors was banished from my heart, now that I had the opportunity closely to survey their mode of life. * * * The degrading fetters, of which I had hitherto been ignorant, now galled and oppressed me, and I clearly saw how much many of my fellow sufferers endured, and felt the more keenly because they dared not avow the cause." Yet, he says, on leaving the seminary, of which he gives a very graphic account, "he was resolved on one thing—to discharge his duties with zeal and conscientiousness, to be the instructor of the people who might be committed to his care, in the true sense of the word; to speak the truth without hypocrisy and without respect of persons. An opportunity soon occurred of testing his firmness. Being appointed to the chaplaincy of Grottkau, his indignation was soon moved at the intrigues of the Ultramontane faction; and on one occasion, when the court of Rome hesitated to ratify the choice of an aged and amiable man, who, on account of his moderation and liberality, had been elected to the vacant bishopric of Breslau, but whose appointment, for the very same reason, was unpalatable at Rome, Ronge gave expression to his indignation in a public journal, and asked, "Are they waiting for a return of the times when men sent a mule to Rome laden with gold to procure a bishopric?" Ronge was suspected of the authorship; he was condemned, suspended and deprived of his cure, without trial, and in spite of the remonstrances of his parishioners and the authorities of Grottkau. He retired to Laurahütte, and there supported himself as a private tutor.

At the time, therefore, that he issued his celebrated protest against the proceedings at Trèves, Ronge was already in disgrace. Of that protest we need not say much; it is already familiar to the public, and is certainly a remarkable production. Dr. Ullmann, while very properly tracing a large portion of the effects it produced to the previous state of public feeling—prepared to sympathize, and wanting only a voice—somewhat underestimates its merit. "It contained," he says, "no peculiar or significant thoughts." No—those thoughts were doubtless shared by many who dared not or who could not give expression to them. But there must certainly be something remarkable about a composition which so instantly produces a universal sensation. At Leipzig alone, an edition of 50,000 was sold in a fortnight. It is not every one who can give effective expression to the feelings of thousands, and make them say, "this is our spokesman." It is not every one who can thus convert latent caloric into the active element of a wide-spread conflagration. And if we look at the composition, we can clearly trace

indications of great powers of *presenting* thought, whatever may be the powers of reasoning. The style here and there strongly reminds us of the racy sinewy way in which Luther could briefly express his thoughts. Such is that sentence—

"Bishop Arnoldi of Trèves * * * do you not know—as bishop you must know it—that the founder of the Christian religion bequeathed to his apostles and disciples, not his coat, but his spirit? *His coat, Bishop Arnoldi of Trèves, belongs to his executioners.* And again where he says—"Believe me, that while hundreds of thousands of Germans, full of enthusiasm, are hastening to Trèves, millions like myself are filled with horror, and the bitterest detestation of your unworthy exhibition. These feelings are not confined to one class or one party, but are felt by all classes, and even by the Catholic priesthood. Judgment will overtake you sooner than you expect. Already the historian's pen is consigning your name, Arnoldi, to the contempt of the present and future generations, as the Tetzels of the nineteenth century." And once more in the conclusion—"Go all, Catholics and Protestants, to the work, for it concerns our honor, our liberty and our well-being. Do not bring to shame the spirit of your forefathers, who razed the capitol, by suffering the castle of St. Angelo to domineer over you in Germany. Let not the laurels of Huss, Hütten, Luther, be disgraced! Give to your thoughts words, and to your will deeds."

Ronge's excommunication was notified to him December 4, 1844. He was spoken of everywhere as the *schlechte falsche priester*—"the base perjured priest." The Jesuits, as usual, employed their ancient weapons of slander, and covered him with every species of infamy. It is but just to Ronge to say, that he has completely exonerated himself from all such imputations, and is admitted to be blameless in his life and morals, however immature and undeveloped may have been his religious views. His example of secession was followed by that of several other individuals of note—amongst whom were Dr. Regenbrecht, professor in the university of Breslau, and Dr. Schreiber, pro-rector of the university of Friburg in Baden.

But it was not long before defection assumed a more formidable character. Secessions were soon to be numbered, not by units, or by tens, but by hundreds at once. Within little more than three weeks after Ronge's appeal, the little Catholic community of Schneidemühl, an obscure town in the duchy of Posen, seceded in a body, formed themselves into the germ of the German Catholic church, notified the fact to the departmental government at Bromberg, and petitioned to be recognized in the usual forms.

The priest, under whose leadership the movement was organized and effected, was the now well-known John Czerski, whose history, like that of Ronge, is very simple, and told by himself in very few words:—He was the son, he informs us, of poor but pious parents, and was born at Werlubien, a village near Neuenburg. Till the age of thirteen he attended the village school, where he acquired the usual rudiments of knowledge. He was thence removed to the grammar-school of Bromberg, and from this place to the Royal Gymnasium at Conitz, where he prosecuted his studies with considerable distinction. In a year and a half he entered the Marien Gymnasium at Posen, and thence, in another half year, repaired to the "Episcopal Seminary." Here, as with Ronge,

commenced a series of conflicts, which issued in entire alienation from the Romish system; but there is a marked difference in the mental history, at this period, of these two men. The religious element seems to have been much more decided in Czarski than in Ronge. While the latter chiefly dwells on the degradation which the Romish system imposed on him as a *man*, stunting his intellect, destroying his freedom of thought and action, withering his affections, and reducing him to a machine, Czarski dwells principally on the degradation which it imposed on him as a *Christian*—the inconsistency of the maxims taught, and the practices enjoined, with the BIBLE. His conflicts of mind, therefore, much more nearly resembled those of Luther, in his cell at Erfurth. Like the first reformer, Czarski studied the Bible, and drew his weapons entirely from that armory; and his brief refutation of the leading doctrines of the Romish system, bottomed wholly on scriptural grounds, is exceedingly striking.

The congregation at Schneidemühl drew up a confession of faith and an address, in which they justified these secessions from the church of Rome in nine distinct articles.

This was the signal of battle. The example of Schneidemühl was immediately followed in various parts of Germany; and, in about four months, communities renouncing the authority of the Roman Catholic church, had been formed, or were in course of organization, at Berlin, Brunswick, Leipzig, Breslau, and many other places. Several of these communities, when thus formed, published, like Schneidemühl, their confession of faith; and the discrepancies amongst them seemed to warrant no very favorable auguries of future consolidation.

While all agreed most strikingly in the points on which their several framers justified their secession—in renouncing the pope's authority—service in an unknown tongue—communion in one kind—auricular confession—the celibacy of the priesthood—and in fact all the points on which Protestants lay the chief stress, it cannot be denied that they exhibit signal, yet, under the circumstances, very natural differences and contrarieties as to positive doctrine. Thus the confession of Schneidemühl, which was far more explicit and minute than many of the others, maintained transubstantiation, while the rest generally abjured it—the seven sacraments, while the rest contented themselves with two—as also a species of purgatory, while others, that of Berlin particularly, reject any notion of the kind. Some content themselves, as that of Elberfeld, with a general adhesion to the confession of Schneidemühl in all *essential* points—a somewhat vague distinction. On the whole, we cannot but agree with Mr. Laing, (who has given a large and faithful account of the early confessions,) that the discrepancies were sufficiently numerous to beget the question, "How was combined action or organic unity possible amidst such discordant materials?" Mr. Laing lays so much stress on this, that he doubts the possibility of a concordat; yet, by a most unaccountable omission, he has neglected to inform us, that at the very moment he was expressing his doubts, the difficulties in question, whether satisfactorily or not, had been surmounted at the first general council of the German Catholic church, held at Leipzig, March 24, 1845.

They were surmounted, partly by adopting a confession exceedingly simple and general, and,

theologically speaking, deficient; partly by surrendering many of the points on which differences had existed. Thus the church of Schneidemühl renounced the large remains of Popish errors found in its original confession. So far as relates to the *negative* side of this reformation—the *renunciation* of certain doctrines—the newly-formed communities may be said to be unanimous; and, by whatever specious name they may please to call themselves, are as Protestant as Protestants themselves: nay, in some points, they are, as our Oxford divines were wont to say, even more "Protestant than the reformation." For the *positive* side of the system, it is principally summed up in the first and second articles of the Confession of the General Council of Leipzig, which are as follows:—

"1. The foundation of Christian faith shall be sought by us solely and exclusively in the Holy Scripture, the understanding and expounding of which is the province of reason, thoroughly imbued and affected with Christian principle. 2. As a general summary of our faith, we adopt the symbol which follows:—'I believe in God the Father, who, by his Almighty Word, created the World, and rules it with wisdom, equity, and love. I believe in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. I believe in the Holy Ghost, in a holy, universal Christian church, in the forgiveness of sins, and in life everlasting.'"

But this satisfies the demands of the theological critics as little as did the discrepancies of the original confessions; nor are their objections without much appearance of reason. "It is too simple," cries Dr. Ullmann, echoed by Mr. Laing. "A church cannot be built on a mere system of negations, or on vague generalities." The confession leaves many vital questions undetermined, and affords ample space in which the most diverse forms of religious belief may alike take shelter. And in many quarters it is affirmed, that as there are unquestionably amongst the seceders not a few rationalists, "advocates of that theory which would evolve the essence of religion out of human consciousness, contents itself in general with the ideas of God, virtue, and immortality, and honors Christianity merely as an historical and oft-clouded development of these universal truths of religion,"* so the simplicity of the Leipzig Confession was designed to shield, if not to favor them.

While we would be the last to advocate any unworthy compromise of truth to attain a spurious union, we must confess that we are not disposed to attach so much weight, as many have done, either to the arguments derived from the discrepancies in the original confessions, or to the simplicity of that which was at last adopted at Leipzig. The former might surely not unnaturally be expected in the utterances of newly-formed communities, just opening their eyes to the light of truth, and putting forth their sentiments with haste and without concert. The latter was, perhaps, an equally natural attempt to circumscribe, as far as possible, the chances of controversy at so critical a moment.

We admit, however, that this vagueness in the principal article of the Leipzig confession—this comparative absence of the *positive*—constitutes the principal danger which the new church has to fear. That there should have been Rationalists among the seceders was inevitable; for they are to be found in abundance both in the Catholic and the

* Ullmann, p. 21.

Protestant churches, and any considerable secession from either would be sure to embrace such an element. The only two important questions are—first, whether they exist in larger proportion than in the other religious communions of Germany; and secondly, whether it was desirable to veil important differences under a vague confession. The former, looking at the general tenor of the confessions published by the separate congregations, we should answer in the negative; we doubt whether the Rationalists are more numerous in the German Catholic church than amongst the Romanists or the Protestants. The latter question we should also answer in the negative, both because it is due to truth that essential differences—which ever party be in the right—should not be shuffled over by a designedly vague confession, and because it is not easy to tell what false impressions, or what loss of sympathy and confidence from without, may result from such a compromise. Certainly the language of Bauer, the author of one of the volumes at the head of this article, and who is one of the clergy of the German Catholic church, is not calculated to appease the alarm which many of the orthodox Protestants have expressed. He defends and applauds the simplicity of the Leipzig confession expressly on the grounds of the very lowest Rationalism, (p. 253;)* while Professor Bayrhammer of Marburgh claims the whole movement as a triumph of Rationalism. *Die neue Richtung steht entschieden auf dem Boden des Rationalismus*. Such representations are, of course, to be interpreted by the character and wishes of the party uttering them; but, however exaggerated, they entail suspicions which the new community cannot well repel; they are the natural consequence, the inevitable price, of a compromise. It is far better that, if men can agree at all, they should do so, not by concealing their differences, but in spite of them. If it be said, that in this case the differences are such that those who hold them could not form one community if they were avowed, what stronger proof could be afforded of the hollowness of the compromise? We predict, with the utmost confidence, that, after a certain interval, the old controversies must break out till the positive element is more distinctly evolved.† Nor, much as we desire unanimity, can we even wish, for the honor of truth and of both parties, that it should be otherwise. What but an unworthy shuffle can unite in one confession, men who so differ, that, while some believe “Christ” to be really “God,” others, with Mr. Bauer, think that even the title of the “Son of God” is “Oriental,” and not fit for us “occidentals”—für uns Abendländer.—(p. 253.)

We have thus gone into some detail, because we are really anxious to get at the precise truth, and to enable our readers to form an accurate opinion. But we do not hesitate to say, that we doubt whether the rationalistic element is larger amongst the seceders than, from the condition of religious parties, was

inevitable; and that, in some respects, the differences in the German Catholic church are even less offensive than in the old communities. If there is a compromise, is that compromise more repulsive than the existence of the same differences with a profession of a symbol which excludes them?

On this ground we are much surprised that Dr. Ullmann did not feel with what dangerous weapons he was playing, when he employed some of his arguments against the supposed compromise; and how easily they might be retorted, with interest, on German Protestantism. If the simple confession of Leipzig, which we allow to be theologically meagre, should shelter some discordant forms of faith, his own Protestant church affords but a melancholy proof that the most stringent symbolic books do not exclude them. The German Catholic church, with its simple creed, can hardly be infected with a greater amount of free-thinking and rationalism than the Protestant church has been, with its rigid imposition of creeds, articles, and protestations. The new German Catholic church will, at all events, escape the guilt of openly sanctioning perjury and contempt of truth. The open misbelief or unbelief of professors and preachers in the German Protestant church—nay, in the German Roman Catholic church also—renders it in the highest degree perilous to insist on this point. It was not without reason that Menzel, speaking of this very subject, uttered the caustic words—“Professors smilingly taught their theological pupils that unbelief was the true apostolic, primitive Christian belief, proven by reason and revelation; Christ himself—they do not deny him—is, in their opinion, a good honest man; but they put all their insipidities into his mouth, making him, by means of their exegetical juggling, sometimes a Kantian, sometimes an Hegelian, now one *ian*, now another, just as may happen to please the professor. In our learned age, everything depends upon Hermeneutics. One man might become a Bonze, and swear upon the symbolic books of Fo, and yet, by means of a dexterous exegesis, invest the stupid books with as rational a meaning as he pleased. They do not alter the word; they swear upon it, but think of something else.”

Our own country, too, has recently furnished us with abundant proof, that the Thirty-nine Articles may be subscribed with thirty-nine hundred modes of interpreting them—or misinterpreting them, if not naturally, yet “non-naturally;” while, in the very same country, religious communities, not inconsiderable in numbers, have existed for centuries with a very close approximation to identity of doctrine—absolute identity on all important points—who never framed or imposed a single symbolic document. The simplicity of the Leipzig Confession is of itself of little consequence. As Dr. Ullmann himself says, “the more simple a confession is, the better.” A church may be agreed, though it has a simple confession; the real difficulty here is, that the church has a simple confession, because it is not agreed. “We must not first constitute a church,” subjoins the same author, “and then fit it with a confession; but we must first have a definite faith, and then found the church upon it.”

The polity of the newly-formed communities is of a highly popular character, and has the general approbation of Mr. Hauber, who even thinks it might be worth while for protestants to take a lesson from it. The principal provisions are, that the congregations are to have the choice of their clergy—who must have received a theological education

* The insinuation, rather than assertion, of Dr. Ullmann, (p. 21.) would seem to give some countenance to Dr. Bayrhammer's statement—“It were perhaps not unfair,” says he, (*es möchte wohl nicht ungerecht seyn*) “to assume that the majority, if they would freely speak out, would confess to a more or less determinate rationalism.” But, as we shall show, the statements of Protestants are to be received with some abatement.

† Since these words were written, and indeed since they were in type, we have learned that the separation of the different elements of the new community has already commenced.

—and whose appointment is irrevocable. The remaining regulations may be seen in Bauer or Hauber, or in the little publication entitled "The Apostolic Christians."

And now comes the important question—What will be the extent of the new movement? what its rate of progress!—a very difficult problem, and one for the solution of which we have but very imperfect data.

The question, of course, chiefly depends on the degree of preparation for this change amongst the Catholic population of Germany. There is no making men free against their will, and the light of heaven itself only seems, to a diseased eye, agony as well as darkness. With reference to this point, the evidence is certainly very conflicting. That there has been extensive indignation at the intrigues and renewed pretensions of the Ultramontane faction, we have already shown, and the new movement is the fruit of it. Nor can it be said that that movement has been hitherto other than eminently successful; it has already issued in the organization of nearly two hundred communities,* and the secession of probably not less than one hundred thousand individuals. It is very difficult to ascertain their number even with approximate accuracy; but the sum-total can be hardly below that we have named.

On the other hand, the mere fact that the Romish church should have been able to induce no less than a million and a half of pilgrims to repair to the spectacle at Trèves, in spite of their boasted education, shows how extensive is the power which Rome still possesses over large masses of the population.

Nor, in a political point of view, are the difficulties with which the movement has to contend with trivial. In some of the states, the whole weight of the governments will be to the uttermost exerted against it; while in others, for various reasons, there will be no more than a doubtful or frigid countenance shown towards it. In all, it seems probable that it will be endured rather than favored. In the principal states of the German confederation we find the population distributed in the following manner:—

	Population.	Catholics.	Protestants.
Austria, . . .	11,725,540	11,500,540	225,000 (nearly.)
Bavaria, . . .	4,440,327	3,061,547	1,378,780
Wurtemberg, .	1,701,726	519,425	1,182,301
Saxony, . . .	1,757,800	30,375	1,727,425
Prussia and Westphalia, }	14,923,501	5,617,020	9,311,481

The minor states have all a mixed population.

In Austria and Bavaria, composing so large a portion of the population, the government is Catholic, and the utmost opposition to the movement may be reasonably expected. In Saxony, though the people and government are Protestant, the king is Catholic, and may be expected to make as much opposition as he can. In Baden the German Catholic congregations are not favored, but are not prohibited. In Wurtemberg† they are, more wisely, neither favored nor prohibited, but let alone. Most of the minor states—as Hesse, Anhalt, Saxe-Coburg, Darmstadt—are all waiting, with more prudence than dignity, the course which events may take, or the policy of the more powerful members of the confederation. Nor must it be forgotten, that, from the very nature of the German govern-

ments, both Catholic and Protestant, any movement like the present has to contend with difficulties which would be unknown under our own free constitution—difficulties arising out of their own characteristic jealousy and habitual suspicion of whatever wears the semblance of revolution; as also from the busy meddling spirit with which they interfere in every transaction, great or little, and check and impede all social changes, even where they cannot prevent them. In the minor states, the princes, having nothing important to do, are apt to degenerate into little better than a sort of royal Paul Pry, love to show their otherwise unknown power by assuming state in trifles, by inflicting petty mortifications, and conferring petty honors. And as all are taught to look up to government as almost the sole fountain of distinction; as so large a portion are expectants of little offices and paltry ribands; as all professional men are under so strict a *surveillance*; and as there is so little that resembles an independent aristocracy, whether of rank, intellect, or wealth, it cannot be but that any movement like the present will have to contend with much; not merely from the hostility of some governments, but even from the prying, bustling, formal spirit of those governments that care nothing about the matter. The odious censorship, also, however imperfectly it may in these days fulfil its office, is an engine which must be expected to be rigorously employed against it. The most stringent application of this species of moral quarantine may, of course, be expected under the Catholic princes. And of the extent to which, under the Bavarian government, it has been applied, we may judge from the fact that it was intimated to the editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, (which is published at Augsburg,) that he must seclude from its columns the very name of the "German Catholic church," and all details of its movements; which, considering that this order was given to a newspaper, and that "the movement was emphatically *the* news," was assuredly an order to enact the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

Considering, then, the character of these all-prying governments, and the extent to which the bulk of the influential classes are dependent upon them, we cannot be surprised that the new movement has not at present made much progress amongst those classes. Functionaries and preferment-hunters are acting by their governments, just as the petty states are acting by the more powerful; they are "waiting upon Providence," and will believe or disbelieve according to the wholesome example of their betters. Meantime, they accurately adjust their countenance by the court glass; and obliquely glancing at the royal, princely, or ducal visage, smile or frown as that appears propitious or otherwise.

But if the German Catholic community has made comparatively little progress amongst the most cultivated classes, it would be an equal error to suppose that it has gained its chief conquests amongst the very ignorant; these are well contented, for the most part, with their pilgrimage to Trèves. Its chief supporters are found amongst a very substantial, though not the highest class; in the ranks of

* Bauer has given a list of more than 160 communities, (pp. 269-270.) But his work appeared in August, since which there have been considerable accessions.

† Yet even in Wurtemberg the king has recently inti-

mated that his silence is not to be construed into any approbation; that it is uncertain what the course of his government may be, because it is "uncertain whether the German Catholic communities will attain consolidation." So that success seems to be the condition of the approval of the government, which will graciously be pleased to recognize the new church, if it cannot avoid so doing.

middle life; amongst merchants and manufacturers, burghers and shopkeepers. For similar reasons it has not penetrated the rural districts to any considerable extent; it is in the populous places, and especially the free towns, that it most readily finds supporters. We are far, of course, from mentioning this as an unfavorable omen; no revolution was ever yet successful that did not embrace a large portion of these elements. We merely refer to it as affording one of the *criteria* for judging of the probable extent of the movement, and of its rate of progress. It clearly appears that it still has much to do before it can be said in any sense to be *national*.

Another circumstance which has struck many writers as unfavorable, is the non-appearance, at least as yet, of adherents of such commanding vigor of intellect, extensive knowledge, and weight of wisdom, as shall insure the new community effective leadership, and whose very names shall be "a tower of strength." Ronge and Czerski are certainly both, in many respects, remarkable men; but they have not hitherto exhibited qualities which would entitle their names to be mentioned in the same rank with any of the great reformers of the sixteenth century—with Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, or Calvin.

Another circumstance, which, as time rolls on, may have a further tendency to limit the movement, will be the pecuniary sacrifices to which its adherents must submit; and to which the Germans are not quite so much accustomed as large bodies of our own countrymen. They can hardly expect state endowments; and they can as little expect the transfer of existing church property—unless, as at the reformation, they can induce the Roman Catholics in some states to renounce Rome *en masse*. Now the maintenance of a church is an expensive thing, as the praiseworthy efforts of large bodies of British religionists can testify. The question is, whether German piety is *at present* equal to this effort? On this subject, Dr. Ullmann makes some very forcible remarks, which we regret that we have not space to translate, (p. 34, 35:)—"A main point," says he, "is the—money. (*Ein Hauptpunkt sind die Geldmittel.*) A church with its correspondent collegiate institutions is an expensive business."

Owing to the causes we have specified, and some others we have not touched, many think, that though the German Catholic church will succeed in gaining a permanent footing, its progress will not be proportional to the present enthusiasm; that the limit of its activity will soon arrive; that the *momentum* with which it was projected will not, under all these retarding causes, be very long maintained. All such conclusions appear to us very uncertain. Mr. Laing even goes so far as to say, that the movement "is a blow" to the Romish church, "but the blow of a child, without force, energy of purpose, or right direction." He founds his judgment in a great degree on the sinister influence of the German governments, and the social and political condition of the people. He denies the existence of a German national spirit, and ridicules accordingly the appeal to it, on the part of the "German Catholic church." "If," says he, "as Ronge proposes in his address, the German nationality is to be its mother, it is of premature birth, for it has come into the world before its parent."

We do not deny that there is force in Mr. Laing's remarks on these subjects. But we are far from conceding that there is such a close connexion be-

tween the political condition of a people, and the success of any revolution like the present, that the one shall be determined by the other. Governments and their subjects, at the time of the reformation, were certainly in a far more unfavorable position, viewed politically, than at present—yet this did not prevent the reformation; and history assures us, that similar changes of religious sentiment may take place even under the most diverse political relations. There is a connexion, no doubt, between the two. The form of polity will greatly modify such revolutions, and may either retard or accelerate them. But whether any government can frustrate them or not, will depend entirely on the degree of intensity, and the extent, with which the feelings which prompt them may have penetrated the people. Whether popular feeling in Germany be sufficiently strong to neutralize all such opposition—to bear the resistance of hostile or overcome the *vis inertia* of indifferent governments, may be a question: or whether it will attain such a degree of strength in the course of the further evolution of the movement, remains to be seen. All judgments on this point we hold to be premature.

A similar fallacy is, in our opinion, to be found in Mr. Laing's inferences from the absence of a *national spirit* in Germany. In one sense the Germans certainly have very little of this spirit, but in another sense they have a great deal. Indifference or apathy in reference to a nation's own rights, is surely compatible with the most vivid abhorrence of a foreign yoke, and attachment to its own soil and institutions, even when those institutions are detestable. There is not a nation in Europe which has *this* species of patriotism more intense than the Russians, to whom the very existence of national spirit, in our sense of the word, is unknown. In like manner, whatever may be the German phlegm with regard to the character of their own governments and their personal freedom, they have, and always have had, a deep and extensive jealousy of Ultramontane influence and pretensions. It is with a man and his country as with a man and his wife. They may wrangle all day long, and yet the interference of a third party shall instantly draw upon him the resentment of both.

The German jealousy of Rome is not a thing of yesterday; it has been more or less prevalent ever since the days of Luther—nay, was prevalent even earlier; and it has been recently excited anew, by the efforts made by the adherents of Rome to gird the chain tighter, and to make the yoke heavier. If there is one fact clear from the statements of writers on the subject, it is the recent attempt of Rome to revive the authority of the ancient church, and the resentment of a large portion of the people in consequence.

All depends, we repeat, on the degree in which feelings of this nature have penetrated the bulk of the people, or shall do so, as the movement develops itself. If such feelings should attain certain strength, all the obstacles we have mentioned will disappear. Governments will acquiesce—latent energy equal to the crisis will be evolved—funds will be raised—and every obstacle yield as usual to that irresistible thing—the WILL OF A UNITED PEOPLE.

Meantime there are two points which are already certain, and on which we need not wait for further evidence to speculate. *First*, The movement will be, whether extensive or not, permanent. There is another limb, whether it shall prove a finger or

leg we know not, lopped off the Romish colossus. The whole history of the secession—its decision and promptitude—shows that conciliation is out of the question; the alienation is too deep to admit of any thought of it. And its partisans also are sufficiently numerous to propagate it.

Secondly, and this is scarcely less important, It will be a lesson to Rome how she makes rash experiments for the restoration of her antiquated claims of high-church authority, and implicit obedience. Many of her adherents dreaded the recent experiment of Bishop Arnoldi, and now, that it is too late, vainly express their regret. It has ended, as all such efforts to turn back the tide of history must end; much as somewhat similar events have ended at home. The reaction against Oxford has come at last; and the like reaction against Jesuitism has come in Germany.

"The Ultramontane movement in the Catholic church," says Mr. Hauber, "has had an uncommonly speedy course. Revived only a few years ago, it has already passed through all those stages which in reality took the Romish system more than as many centuries to traverse. It has its fathers, its apologists, its proselytes, its poets and orators, its miracles, its pilgrimages and indulgences, and now at last—its reformation."*

Dr. Ullmann even speculates on the possibility of Rome's undertaking a voluntary reformation in consequence of this warning; and the passage is so eloquent, that we wish we could find space for it.

For our own parts, we doubt whether any spontaneous reformation of Rome can be any other than nugatory. As Dr. Ullmann himself remarks in another passage of his *Bedenken*, "The doctrine and the hierarchy in the system of Catholicism do not admit of separation—both together form an organic whole; the church, the hierarchy, the pope himself, are doctrines—and indeed highly significant doctrines."†

This is truth, and all history proves it. We find that so inseparable is the connexion of the most obnoxious doctrines of Rome with papal power, that no attempt she has made at reformation touches one of them; whereas, on the other hand, wherever a reformation is effected, which commences with renouncing her authority, whatever the form of church polity—Episcopal, Lutheran, Presbyterian, or what not—all those doctrines which are most to be dreaded go at once—transubstantiation, auricular confession, service in an unknown tongue, communion in one kind, purgatory, and the celibacy of the clergy—all those, in fact, which the German Catholics have denounced, as did Luther before them.

We cannot conclude this article without a few remarks on two not unimportant topics.

The first relates to the spirit in which German Protestants have regarded this singular manifestation; and which we cannot say has been *always* that spirit of sympathy and charity which we should naturally have expected towards men, who, whatever appellation—such as "the German Catholic church,"—they may adopt, or however deficient or ill-defined may at present be their system of positive doctrine, are yet literally Protestants, and are strenuously fighting the battles of Protestantism. All the corruptions of the Romish church, which the reformers denounced, the followers of Czerski and Ronge have denounced also. For this, we contend, they deserve and demand

* P. 43.

† P. 12.

the respectful sympathy of all their Protestant brethren, and the exercise of patience towards them while they are yet struggling towards a fuller light. This sympathy and this patience, we cannot say that we have always observed.

A certain unfriendly prejudice appears in the writings of many of the German Protestants in relation to German Catholics; and from this prejudice even Dr. Ullmann and Mr. Hauber do not seem entirely free. Bauer complains strongly of a hostile spirit in the more Orthodox quarters. We admit that there is some ground of jealousy, from the indefinite form of doctrine adopted by the new church, and the fear of its ultimately leading to an indiscriminate jumble of all modes of belief and misbelief;—in other words, to a heterogenous pile of all orders of ecclesiastical architecture, in which *indifferentism* (as the Germans call it) shall be the only creed, and a spurious charity exclude a hearty and conscientious regard for truth. But this fear (laudable in itself, yet we trust not warranted by the general complexion of the materials of which the new community is composed) does not account for the whole of the jealousy felt; and still less for the uncandid, captious, and bitter tone adopted by some writers; whether it be from a jealousy of any reformation but their own; or from a feeling of resentment that the discontented, if they must secede, should not have seceded to their own ranks; or from a fear that the new church may gain proselytes from Protestantism as well as from Rome—of which there have been a few examples; or from a wish to monopolize the favor of government; or from a combination of any such motives, we know not:—but we have certainly observed in various quarters, a carping, hypercritical spirit, that cannot be too strongly condemned. We should rather have expected, what in many Protestants we actually find, a superiority to any such feelings, and a magnanimous and generous sympathy and forbearance towards men who were, at all events, casting off so much of error, and were but groping for the truth. We trust that as the New Catholics come so near Protestants in so many essential points, the feelings of the two parties will not afford another confirmation of the witty assertion, that the hatred of contending sects follows the same law as the force of gravity—"increasing in proportion as the square of the distance diminishes."

The second topic respects the conduct, which, in our judgment, should be pursued by the German Catholic church itself. If on any one thing its success may be said to depend, it is on the perpetual inculcation and maintenance "of a meek and quiet spirit;"—in abstaining from the very appearance of encouraging in any of its members any portion of the "Young Germany" nonsense. It must learn not only to "assert rights," but, if need be, to "endure wrongs;" and to bear persecution, if it must come, with fortitude and magnanimity. Nothing could so damage its cause as to have it confounded with that of rash innovators;—whose chief object is, after all, politics and not religion, or the assertion and realization of political theories in conjunction with religious changes, and by means of them. Let not the two things be mingled, or, at all events, let it be seen that it is not the authorities of the German Catholic church that encourage the union. It is precisely the fear of political changes which will chiefly render the potentates of Germany jealous; and it would still render them so, even if there were no reasonable

grounds for any such fear. But we cannot disguise from ourselves, that from the acknowledged, and in some quarters even *boasted*, latitudinarianism of the new church, it is likely to enrol under its banners some undesirable recruits—not a few of those young, ardent, and half-fledged minds with which Germany has always abounded:—minds eager to realize some visionary theory of a super-human *Humanität*, and who would rashly commit any cause, however important, in pursuit of their object. This danger is particularly to be apprehended in the present condition of the continent; in various parts of which it is strongly asserted, that associations are forming, characterized by detestable principles, and organized for nefarious objects. All this will tend to render the continental governments more than ordinarily jealous; and will consequently require unusual circumspection on the part of the founders and leaders of the German Catholic church. They must take a leaf out of Luther's book; and believing with him that the triumphs of Christianity are purely moral and spiritual, and are to be effected by means precisely in harmony with such ends, repudiate as he did all force, except what Milton sublimely calls "the irresistible might of weakness."

(From Mrs. Child's letter, 7th March, to the Boston Courier.)

GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

GRACE Church was consecrated on Saturday. The plain old building, which bore that name in Broadway, has been sold for a Chinese Museum, and this handsome structure of white stone has risen in its place. If the maxim be true, that "the decay of a religion is indicated by the increasing splendor of its edifices," then surely Christianity has need to have prayers put up in her behalf, she being in a very "weak and low condition." While I listened to the ceremonies of consecration, I confess that I had some impertinent thoughts about the probable reception of certain fishermen and tent-makers, should they suddenly make their appearance in the procession of bishops and rectors. But such thoughts were very much out of place there; for the congregation represent the highest respectability, the oldest and strongest conservatism in the city. Their motto is, Reverence everything that is established. They do not trouble themselves with the thought that something very different from *their* established, will be the established in centuries to come. Why should they? They do not live in future ages; and if they should, they have nothing to do but to slip into existing forms, and still reverence everything that is established. Since the centripetal force is always so strong in human opinions, it is fortunate that there are Theodore Parkers in the world, to supply an equal centrifugal force, else all motion would cease.

The new building stands in a space somewhat open for the present, and in a much more favorable point of view than Trinity church. The outward effect is more showy, and the interior more gorgeous and splendid; but it is far less grand, impressive, and cathedral-like. The white stone, of which it is built, is better adapted to the classic grace of Grecian architecture, than to the solemn beauty of the Gothic. The pillars, arches, ornaments, and even the case of the organ are of the same light color. The windows have not a groundwork of greyish-brown glass, like those of

Trinity, and the light they give, though very beautiful, is not the "dim religious." The richly colored glass is ornamented with all sorts of stars, vines, crosses, mitres, &c. As the sun shone through, the whole church was filled with rainbows. They floated round the columns, glided from rosette to rosette, touched the ladies' plumes with fairy glory, and threw a shining veil on the heads of little children. They made everything seem alive and warm. Linen handkerchiefs looked like the woven plumage of humming-birds, and even black broadcloth became glowing crimson, or brilliant ethereal blue. My heart saluted the beautifying windows right cordially. They reminded me of sunny souls, who make the most common fact poetic, because they always dress it in "its mild singing clothes."

The music in Grace church, always of a high order, was grandly beautiful on the day of consecration. The finely toned organ was admirably played, and filled the whole church like the song of angels. As the music rose with solemn swell, Miss Northall's voice was heard, clear and sweet, above organ and choir, like a bird gliding ever on the top of the wave.

NEW ORLEANS: EARLY HISTORY.

New Orleans, in the first quarter of the last century, consisted of only about a hundred miserable cabins, scattered without order, in which its inhabitants dwelt. Besides these there was a large wooden warehouse, and a store-house which had been used as a chapel, the shed being converted into a house of prayer. The entire population did not exceed 200. A company of Germans who had become the dupes of the financier Law, came down the Mississippi, on their way to France; but having procured small allotments of land, near the place, they concluded to stay and cultivate the soil. The place of their settlement is now called the German coast. They engaged in the raising of vegetables, with which they supplied the town.

Biloxi was selected, as the first seat of government of Louisiana, by Governor Bienville, in 1718. He afterwards chose the present location and sent fifty men to clear the ground, and erect the necessary government buildings. The government treasure was removed to New Orleans in 1722. In 1723 there was in the town a church and a hospital, as we learn from the account given of a hurricane that swept over the place during that year, levelling with the ground the church, hospital and 30 houses. Four years before that calamity, while building the city, another calamity compelled the builders to suspend their labors and to abandon the spot; there being no levees, the Mississippi suddenly rose and completely deluged the place.

In 1727 the Jesuits and Ursuline Nuns arrived and inhabited the faubourg St. Mary. In 1763 the Jesuits were expelled by Clement XII., and their property, worth \$180,000, confiscated. The same property with its improvements is now worth \$15,000,000. The city increased rapidly in population, for in 1785 there were 4,980 inhabitants. In 1764 the English first began to visit the Mississippi. They were in the habit of sailing up to a place opposite to where the city of Lafayette now is, and fastening their ships to trees, they commenced trading with the natives.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Das enthüllte Preussen*—(*Prussia unveiled*.) 8vo. Winterthur: 1845.
2. *Die Europäischen Staaten nach ihren Innern und Äussern Politischen Verhältnissen*—(*The States of Europe in their Internal and External Relations*.) By BULOW-CUMMEROW. 8vo. Altona: 1845.

THE local position of the kingdom of Prussia has long rendered it an object of deep interest to continental statesmen. Conterminous at once with Russia and with France, it occupies the dangerous post of honor in the preservation of the peace of Europe. The most delicate questions of present and future diplomacy depend on its strength and prosperity. With one frontier, it abuts on the vast empire which lies between the east and west, and whose progress all thinking men regard with anxiety; with the other, it touches on the most sensitive point of French ambition, and holds the course of the recovered Rhine. It is the duty of the province to which the name of Prussia especially belongs, to resist the encroachments of Oriental force and semi-barbarous power, on the variously developed intelligence and unequal but extending liberties of the European family; and it is the task of those Prussians who border upon France, to preserve a German government to men speaking the German tongue, against the unhappy spirit of territorial aggrandizement which still torments a reflecting and great people. It is Prussia to which hasten, in a day's journey, the thousands of English visitants that gaze with wonder and delight on the towers of Cologne cathedral; and it is Prussia, too, which receives the Russian deserter, the flying Pole, and the wretched Jew, whom an imperial ukase has hunted from his home.

Between these extremities lie many provinces conquered in war, or won by diplomacy, or devolving by heritage—now all united in one steadfast monarchy, containing men of the profoundest learning, the boldest speculation, and the most ingenious industry. The physical advantages of the people are enhanced by consummate and continual military discipline; while their mental energies are tried in controversies on subjects of which, in this country, we hardly speak above our breath, and their perceptions elevated by an artistic cultivation, which, late and feebly, we are attempting to copy. Free to think, ready to feel, able to fight—what can be wanting to the healthy social state of this great people? What is still necessary to produce that state of general internal contentment, without which outward prosperity is a delusion, and with which real national calamities become impossible? What is still the unsatisfied desire that rankles at the heart of the nation—turning its kindest feelings into gall; and blunting the edge of patriotism; changing the poet into the satirist, and the philosopher into the pamphleteer; making wise men foolish, and wicked men mad; distorting graces into bribes, and kind words into falsehoods? What is the object of hopes so long delayed, of prayers so long neglected, now fast accumulating for the evil day of vengeance and despair? We answer, and they answer—Political development under liberal institutions.

The books at the head of this article are fair types of the two classes of political writings, which issue in multitudes from the permitted press of Germany and the forbidden one of Switzerland. Mere quotations from them would be of little inter-

est to the English reader; although we may safely recommend the second work as an evidence how deeply the constitutional want of Prussia is felt by a man who has not a spark of radicalism about him, and who, in a constitutional country, would doubtless be a high tory. It contains, besides, an interesting view of the mutual relations of the different continental states; and is the first work we have seen which explains, with tolerable fairness, the real spirit and tendency of the different German governments. The other is one of those radical publications whose unscrupulous violence renders one suspicious of the truth of their allegations; but which, at least, proves what things are asserted, and what believed, of the present Prussian government. It is mixed up with that kind of Aristophanic satire of which the "political accoucheement" of Prutz is the best specimen, and which mercilessly caricatures all Prussian authorities, political and intellectual. But it is neither on political nor intellectual ground that the contest between the government and public opinion of Prussia has practically begun. Suspicion, however vague, of an interference of the state with the freedom of individual religion, has put an end to the patience which has endured in gloomy silence so many political disappointments. For that, at least, Northern Germany believes herself to have won at the Reformation; and she guards it as a treasure almost sufficiently precious to make up for the deprivation of other liberties. It is in this sense that Prussia looks on Frederic the Great as the continuer and consummator of the work of Luther; and hence that hero-worship of his name which so much astonishes the foreign observer. We English, especially, have so entirely forgot that in 1757 Frederic was hailed throughout this country as "the Protestant hero," whose head even became a favorite sign at country inns, and we are so accustomed to look on him as one of the most immoral and uninteresting of conquerors, that the affectionate reverence paid to his memory—the publication of his works, under the auspices of a religious sovereign—the erection, at the public expense, of the colossal monument by Rauch, which will soon overtop the trees of the Linden-walk—are facts quite incomprehensible, without the key, that he is regarded as the asserter of the principle of freedom of thought, and as the maintainer of religious liberty. A free-thinker himself, he allowed others to be religious in their own way—(as he showed by protecting the Jesuits when expelled from Catholic countries)—and thus the very part of his character which is most repulsive to others, is contemplated, if not with satisfaction, at least with indifference, by those who believe that he thus established for Germans that individual right of religious and philosophical opinion, which has been and is as dear to their moral nature, as ever personal freedom was to the English, or equality to the French people.

Thus, in Protestant Germany, the ordinary acts of outward religious communion have fallen into much disregard; it is so generally assumed, and so literally acted on, that a man's religion is an affair between him and his conscience, that formal public worship has lost much of its significance; and voluntary societies—like the "Friends of Light," or the "Gustav-Adolf's Verein,"*—are the only com-

* This society was established in 1832, on the second centenary of that hero's death, for the purpose of uniting the interests of all earnest professors of evangelical Christianity. Austria and Bavaria here opposed to the utmost. The king of Prussia declared himself the head

munities that come together under the impulse of a real and hearty sympathy. The late king's attempts to establish uniformity of public worship, were most obnoxious to the religious part of the nation; and were only partially successful through the religious indifference of the larger portion to public worship of any kind. The present sovereign's known admiration of the English church, and the notion of something similar being possibly introduced into Prussia, through the channel of the Jerusalem bishopric, gave the first blow to the popularity of a young reign; and has aroused a suspicion of similar designs, which meets the government in every direction. The king has lately attempted to enforce a stricter observance of Sunday; has encouraged the introduction of evangelical sisters of charity into the hospitals; and ordered the reestablishment of an old Catholic order of benevolence on evangelical principles. He has desired, without success, to limit the facility of divorce; and, above all, he has checked the public assemblages both of German Catholics, and of the before-mentioned "Friends of Light." The municipality of Berlin has lately taken the bold step of remonstrating with him in terms implying fear of an invasion of their religious liberties, and hinting regret at his own religious professions. Their memorial was coldly returned for reconsideration; but the municipality, knowing themselves to be backed by public opinion, pressed it again on the king, who this time replied in energetic words that have been circulated throughout Europe. In admirable language, (for he is an excellent speaker,) he avowed his respect for the religious party in the country, and his determination to support them; and he added reproaches to the municipality for their neglect of the spiritual destitution of Berlin, and their refusal of a church to the Anglican communion. The municipality retired apparently defeated, but in a short time sent in a rejoinder—citing the "cabinet order" of the late king, in which he desires the number of churches in Berlin to be reduced, and showing that they had offered two churches to English congregations. The Protest and royal Answer have been freely published, but this rejoinder was suppressed by the censorship.

Again, the erection of a splendid Christian Basilic, in connexion with the palace, is a darling project of the king's; but it is the object of as much horror as a republican would feel at the fortifications of Paris. And it is interesting to trace this sentiment of religious independence, where we should least expect to find it, in the Roman Catholic church. The habits of ecclesiastical submission have not preserved even that portion of the inhabitants of Prussia from a sense of spiritual liberty. The pilgrimage of Trèves was not only a display of peculiar religious sympathy, but a popular triumph, and a political demonstration; and, singularly enough, this very celebration of religious independence has been the means of arousing at the opposite extremity of the monarchy, a demand for liberation from what is here held to be a spiritual bondage. The localities of these two events are not without their significance. The liberal development which has taken place in Silesia and Prussia Proper, is owing to causes exactly opposite to those which have excited the western population. If the one has been pleased with images and re-

membrances of neighboring liberty, the other has been terrified by the constant presence of contiguous tyranny;—if the one has been gradually charmed into habits of independence, the other has been forced into the consciousness of political rights by the sense of immediate danger from the nearness of despotism.* And if the authority of Gallic culture has made itself felt in the Rhenish provinces, the philosophy of Kant, (which a satirist has called "the German guillotine,") has deeply engrafted its moral influences on the minds of the educated classes in those towards the east; while the nobility of the latter departments, being rich, independent, and on good terms with the peasantry, are just as jealous of despotic monarchical power, and just as anxious to take a part in the interests of public life, as are the industrious and commercial citizens, who enjoy on the banks of the great artery so many privileges of constitutional liberty, and are zealous to communicate those advantages to the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

The hope of getting any good by aspiring to a political unity of Germany, seems now to have confined itself to the industrial movement, and the prospects of the *Zollverein*. If anything could have checked the progress of political discontent, it would have been this new direction given to the thoughts of the nation. It was so heartily taken up, that the radicals feared that all political interests would be merged in the material; but this apprehension is vain—the commercial spirit bringing with it a livelier sense of the necessity of political freedom for its own safe development. Enough of the old national spirit remains to sustain the country against any common enemy; but it seems now almost resolved, in Prussia at least, to defer the great idea of unity for the present, and to concentrate their energies upon the political developments of their own country. And what better foundation could be laid for some great political future for united Germany, than a constitutional system working harmoniously through united Prussia! No two provinces of Germany can be more different in manners, race, and local interests, than Old Prussia and the Rhine, or Pomerania and Saxony; and were these once united in a federation of freemen, what might not be hoped for at some distant time, when every German state shall, in its own right of self-government, consent to that common polity which shall be fittest for the welfare of the whole?

The poet Freiligrath, in his energetic verses, has represented Frederic the Great looking with passionate envy from Paradise to Potsdam, yearning to give freedom and happiness to Prussia, by means of liberal institutions. No sovereign was less likely to sacrifice his individual power for the general good of the people. In his days, indeed, a monarch might talk and write about freedom, and yet go on governing like Frederic himself and Catharine of Russia; but the royal amateurs would now be taken at their word, and their pleasant speculations turned into anxious realities. Hence,

* All the common associations of the war of independence between Prussia and Russia have utterly vanished. At the review at Kalisch, it was difficult to prevent the troops from coming into open collision. The late king of Prussia was repeatedly solicited to raise fortifications on the frontier towards Russia, and their erection by the present king has been highly popular. It is enough for a member of the royal family to be known to be in close intimacy with the Russian court, to make him an object of odium to the people. Nowhere is the popular sympathy for Poland more lively than in Prussia.

of it in a cabinet order of February, 1844. Its present annual revenue is about 24,000 dollars, and is chiefly spent in supporting Protestant ministers in Roman Catholic parts of Germany.

the present king has brought upon himself a large amount of suspicion by the liberal professions of the first years of his reign; and is now suffering from a reaction, which must render tenfold more difficult all his attempts to satisfy his subjects.

It is not to be denied that a great opportunity for well-doing was lost at his accession to the throne. All that was required was to start in the right direction, and to follow up free and generous words by holding out means of future political expansion. Constitutions are not to be *improvised* by kings, any more than by philosophers, and men like the Emperor Joseph are at least as dangerous as Jeremy Bentham. It hardly becomes so highly educated and thoughtful a man as the King of Prussia, to imagine, that by keeping a constitution in a drawer, and daily altering and even improving it, he can really adapt it completely and at once to the wants and wishes of his people. The decree of 1815, which established the provincial assemblies, "according to the wants of the present time," clearly and distinctly engaged to establish a general representation, entrusted with all powers of legislation and taxation. There has been much controversy on the validity and meaning of this engagement. The monarchial party maintain, that it only expressed the intention of the king to give to his people as much share in the government as he thought advisable; and, by a gradual process, to develop the provincial assemblies into a more general organization; and they have found some unexpected allies, in such ultra-radicals or chartists as the author of an article on "the real meaning of a parliamentary constitution," in the *Berliner Montschrift* of 1845. He maintains, that the king could no more bind himself irrevocably by any such decree, than one parliament in England or France could bind another;—the king's will, in fact, representing the ever-changing circumstances of the country, and having nothing to do with the obligations of personal honor. The democratic writer looks on a parliamentary constitution as the triumph of the power of wealth—as an aristocracy of property substituted for that of rank, and likely to be just as oppressive. But it is undeniable, that the great mass of the Prussians have regarded this decree not only as a promise, but as, in fact, the reward of the great energy of the nation, shown in the war of independence. Nor, when another decree of June, 1823, declared, "that the projects of all laws regarding the right of persons and property should be laid before the provincial assemblies," did the king imply that he believed himself absolved from his engagement; for he adds, "as long as no general parliamentary assembly is summoned." The king, in all probability, never gave up the design, but believed himself compelled to defer it indefinitely—rather from reasons of foreign than domestic policy—though some of his ministers evidently did all in their power to curtail the petty liberties already granted. The congress of Carlsbad, and the whole system of the Holy Alliance, opposed itself most strongly to any constitutional establishment in Prussia; and in the last will of the late king, which, from the deep filial reverence of his successor, and the general regard shown in Germany to the wishes of the dead, was likely to have considerable authority, he says not a word about this unfulfilled pledge; but solemnly enjoins his son never to forget his close relation to, and common interest with, the governments of Austria and Russia. Thus, the present king was met, on the very threshold of his reign, by many

external influences which nothing but a mind, strong in its high and honest intentions, could resist. There were the appeals, and possibly the threats, of Russia, enforced by near domestic ties in a family remarkable for natural affection; and though Herwegh, in his emphatic lines—

"Shield us not only from the French,
But from thy brother—from the Czar!"—

uttered the deep feeling of the nation, yet Ural gold and Slavonic decorations had also many advocates about the royal person. There were the solemn entreaties of Austria, conveyed through the Nestor of diplomacy—warnings of the immense responsibility Prussia would incur if she gave the example of the abandonment of the monarchical principle, with Bohemia and Hungary ready to burst into political tumult—it might be to claim their national independence—and intimations that Prussia was more interested, from the position of her Rhenish provinces, in the cordial political coöperation of Germany, than any other power; while, from the constitutional governments of Bavaria and Baden, there came little or no encouragement to adopt the same internal policy;—but rather hints and notices of dangers incurred, and difficulties raised by the advocates of liberal measures, and of the dissatisfaction of the sovereigns, who looked with envy on the independence of their absolute brothers. To these external solicitations may probably be added the inward consciousness, that, by divesting himself of his autocratic power, he was limiting, to an indefinite extent, his power of doing good; and transferring to new, and perhaps incompetent hands, that task of government which he might himself hope to exercise in a magnanimous and unselfish spirit.

The provincial states in Prussia have little answered their purpose, if they were intended as an introduction to wider constitutional forms. Although no law has been enacted in defiance of their objections, so little attention has been paid to any of their positive recommendations, that they have lost any *prestige* they may once have possessed: they have very lately obtained permission to publish the subject-matter of their debates, but without the names of the speakers, which has so much to do with parliamentary interest; they are split each into three or four ranks, (*Stände*), the nobility, (*Ritterschaft*), the towns, the landowners—elected, and voting, separately—with the addition of some great families and corporations personally represented; so that they can rarely act together with that confident sympathy which produces public spirit, but are distracted by the jealousy of class distinctions. When, however, the peculiar formation of the Prussian monarchy is considered—its combination of peoples and interests under one national name—its straggling form and strange divisions—and its absence of common historical associations—we must come to the conclusion, that in any well considered constitutional arrangement, large and distinct powers must be intrusted to local interests;—in one word, that the American, rather than the English polity, is that to which Prussia should look for instruction and analogies. It should be the chief object of the Prussian constitution to give a simultaneous action to the provincial and central legislatures; to prevent the oppression of the interests of any one province by those of others; and, at the same time, to fuse them together sufficiently to inspire them with the continual sense of the unity of the Prussian nation;—to keep alive their separate associa-

tions, and yet blend them into one common patriotism. The court of Berlin by no means supplies this want—even as far as the upper classes are concerned. During the late king's reign the court was entirely composed of the small nobility of the duchy of Brandenburg; and even now the stranger looks in vain for any such assemblage as might be expected to attend the sovereign of so large a dominion. The few members of the Silesian, Pomeranian, or other provincial aristocracies, who come to Berlin, find themselves, as they conceive, neglected for the local and habitual residents: they are criticised, in their dress and demeanor, by the Voltairian wit (if the expression may be used) which still reigns in that capital, and gladly return to the comparative dignity and independence of their country estates.

Neither can it fairly be said, that the royal name and authority exercise sufficient power in Prussia to render any other centralization unnecessary. The relation of prince to people, in all German history, has been close and intimate wherever it has been effective. The notion of divine right, of *l'état c'est moi*, has continually been kept in check by the sentiment recorded by Tacitus—*Nec regibus infinita aut libera potestas, et duces exemplo potius quam imperio*. And it is of necessity that the larger portion of the subjects of the king must regard his ascendancy as an historical accident. In theatrical exhibitions, in courtly songs, in literary diversions, Prussia and its sovereign may be represented as one homogeneous power; but every man, from that sovereign down to the peasant, perceives the fiction and the assumption; and ought, if really patriotic, to yearn after institutions which would afford a tangible basis of national union, and give to the king that real hold on the minds and hearts of all his people, which titular formalities can never impart. A constitutional king of Prussia has none of that ancestral majesty to abandon, which might have made the rulers of France, or Spain, or Austria, cling fast to absolutist traditions. The proud recollections of his forefathers are all personal:—the Grand-Master Albert consulting Luther, and advised by him to throw up the rules of his order, and convert Prussia into an hereditary principality; the thirteen battles of Frederic, whose three-cornered hat and baton are to Prussia such relics as Napoleon's to imperial France—such are the associations which require no parade of purple and ermine to keep alive, but which are rooted in that domestic interest felt by the Germans for their royal houses; and which, under constitutional forms of government, preserve to the crown a safer and more legitimate authority than could, perhaps, be exercised in countries where the throne has been rather the object of fear than of love, of blind homage than rational regard.

"The military," says Horace Walpole, "are seldom captivated by any franchises but their own;" and thus the predominance of moral force is possibly no agreeable prospect to those who look on Prussia as a barrack and drilling-ground. But the army in Prussia is no special class; the possession of arms for the time being is the only distinction between the soldier and the citizen; the continual intercourse between the army and civilians also operates towards keeping up the best feeling between them—making it very improbable, that in case of convulsion the soldiers would take any decided part against their fellow-citizens: a strong popular demonstration in Prussia, in fact,

would at once be a revolution. The old Prussian army was of a highly aristocratic character; the victories of Frederic were won by the officers, who were all of noble birth, and thus earned and deserved the respect of the people. But in the late wars, the parts were entirely changed; the people who filled the ranks fought with eminent vigor and courage, but often in vain, owing to the incompetence of the officers who led them. The army thus learned to respect its own bravery above the science and sagacity of those who claimed to guide them; and the advantages which are still given to noble birth, in promotion and decorations, are very unwillingly submitted to by the service in general.

But the class to whom a constitutional form of government would hardly be acceptable, is that numerous and influential body of subordinate functionaries—the thousand hands of the Briareus of the Prussian state. So completely are all official processes subdivided and formalized, that from the highest to the lowest, an average mechanical accuracy appears the sole public object in view. "Have you heard who is to be the new minister in place of the dead one?" said a Berliner *Eckenscher* (a Prussian "Sam Weller") to his comrade. "I didn't know there was to be one," said the other; "I thought the widow would continue the business." These *Beamte* are the objects of continual hostility and sarcasm on the part of the liberals, as forming a body apparently interested in preventing constitutional arrangements; and an especial attack has been made on them by one of their own number, of the name of Heinzen, whose work has been suppressed, and the author (in his absence) condemned to a year's imprisonment in a fortress. The book contains some strong writing on the degrading effects of this life at the desk, with a decoration for its aim and goal;* but he brings forward but a poor array of facts to prove the unworthiness of the individuals, and takes refuge in such vague allegations as that against the forest-warders—that they have shot a large number of poachers, and burned their bodies to avoid detection. Indeed, the incorruptibility and good conduct of the body of functionaries is undeniable.

It is said, and we believe with truth, that the king of Prussia is anxious to discover and follow public opinion in his conduct of public affairs. But without a free press public opinion can hardly be said to exist—at least it cannot make itself known and understood. The concession of a free press would have gone far to relieve the Prussian government from its present difficulties; it would have been a guarantee to the people, that whatever delay might take place, the advance would ultimately be in the right direction; it would have enabled the king to test the influence and to inquire into the objects of the different parties in the state; it would, if accompanied by a law against slander and calumny, have mitigated that habit of personal abuse of public men which has now reached to a painful extent; and it would have prevented that unseemly contest between a literary monarch and literary men, which has tarnished the character of the present reign. A prince of general taste and varied accomplishments, appears in a most unnatural light, when inflicting pain and annoyance on writers for works which, in other countries and even in other parts of Germany, would be published without government interference; and it is

* "There are two things," says the *Eckenscher*, "that a *Beamte* cannot avoid—Death, and the third class of the Red Eagle."

a necessary consequence that the feelings excited are proportionably bitter. "That comes of coquetting with poets!" exclaimed a neighboring sovereign (who politely designates literary men as *Federvieh*) when Freiligrath resigned his pension and attacked the king; and of course there would be no love lost on the side of the poet who had been coquetted with. For although the court of Berlin is Brandenburg, the university is German; freedom of literary and religious opinion has been successfully maintained there, to an extent that England or America might admire. Tieck from Dresden, Schelling and Cornelius from Munich, Rückert from Erlangen, have been called to Berlin by the royal will. The brothers Grimm, the profound philologists, when driven from Göttingen for political opinion; found here a hospitable refuge. The king and court regularly attend academical lectures requiring a high standard of thought and information for their comprehension. The "Order of Merit," from its judicious limitation of members, has become an object of ambition throughout Germany; and attracts the most remarkable European names in art, literature, and science, under the presidency of the king. Humboldt and Bunsen are among his confidential friends and advisers; and we may ask, whether the fetters of a censorship are not in almost ludicrous contrast with such pretensions and connections? Is it possible to draw so distinct a line round religious or political ideas, as to keep them in bondage, and let all others go free? Do not many of the most interesting philosophical, and even literary discussions of our time, fall into, and mix themselves up with social, religious, and political questions? Is it not, in fine, a leading characteristic of modern thought, that we are learning to consider mankind more in the concrete, and to get rid of the sharp lines of distinction in the mental faculties, as well as in the gradations of society?

The modifications of the censorship, lately introduced, only bring out more prominently the absurdity of the institution in a country like Prussia, where everybody reads, and most people write. As a check to caprice, a tribunal of appeal was established, which was to determine in the last resort whether anything was improperly suppressed; and at the head of it was placed a man of the highest character for integrity and intelligence, and who had the singular good fortune to retain this reputation even in that odious office. And yet what is an Englishman, and still more a Scotchman, to think of a system, under which Dr. Börneman could pronounce a literal (and excellent) translation of "*A man's a man for a' that*," by Freiligrath, as unfit for publication, on account of "the hostile opposition between different classes of society implied in it!"

Even the careful judicial forms used in the condemnation of books, only increase the apparent folly: the inquisition regarding one of the books of Edgen Bauer, (the *Contest between Church and State*), which he managed cleverly to set down in short-hand and print at Zurich, presents one of the greatest abuses of jurisprudence ever exhibited in a court of law. It is more like the discussion of a theological and political thesis than a legal investigation. A passage is pronounced blasphemous—"Possibly," answers the author, "but do you mean *subjective* or *objective* blasphemy?" "We mean," says the court, "that you have outraged the religious feelings of the community." "Perhaps so," replied the accused, "but the commu-

nity have outraged my logical sensibilities by their unreasonable theology, and I have a right to retaliate." Can any good come from such legal procedure—if indeed it can be called legal—as this?*

Another frequent evil, consequent on such restrictions, is the prominence given to bad writings, which, left to themselves, would never rise into notice, but which come to be eagerly sought after. No one needs hawk about "forbidden books;" they swarm on every table; they are bought at the booksellers under sham names, and put down as such in the account. A new volume of Jacobinical poetry is conventionally entitled "*Spiritual Songs*;" a sarcastic drama becomes "*Æsop's Fables*;" a diatribe against the king, "*Cæsar's Commentaries*;" and these are all classed together, and all read as "forbidden books;" and all effect infinitely more harm than they would or could do, if left to themselves and their own merits.

The authority of the diet is often brought forward as compulsory; and it is contended that it would be practically impossible to allow a full and free discussion of the internal affairs of the state, and at the same time not run the risk of offending foreign countries. It is certainly decreed by the diet, that if any member of the *Bund* thinks its authority insulted, or its peace endangered by any publication in another state, and cannot obtain satisfactory reparation by diplomatic means, the diet will appoint a commission, which shall have the full power of suppressing the work, and, if periodical, of preventing its continuation. The smaller states might indeed have some excuse in the fear of offending against this regulation; but it is in these states that the press is the freest, and books, refused in Berlin, are daily printed at Mayence and Darmstadt. Prussia can plead no such apology; she is far too powerful for the diet to attempt interference; and we should not envy the commissioners of the diet who came to Berlin for the purpose of enforcing such a regulation, and checking the expression of public opinion. M. Thiers closes his account of the unhappy effects produced on the mind of the first consul by the publications of Peltier in London, by the exclamation—"Heureux les pays accoutumés depuis longtemps à la liberté! ces vils agents de diffamations y sont privés du moyen de nuire: ils y sont si connus, si méprisés, qu'ils n'ont plus le pouvoir de troubler les grandes âmes." The press in Prussia will not, in all probability, escape the vices of the infancy of freedom; the government, the royal family, the crown itself, will at first have much to bear; but a manly disregard of these ebullitions will bring its own reward. A virtuous, kind, and intellectual monarch like the present King of Prussia, can well afford to trust his reputation to his people; and there is no saying what effect would not be produced if the public came to consider themselves as the authorized vindicators of royal honor and social order; and if those feelings of justice, which now side with the oppressed writer, were exhibited on the part of the calumniated and maligned. There are certainly other changes which would result from the liberty of the press in Prussia; and the arbitrary authority of the police would be put an end to; and open courts

* Every book above twenty sheets is exempted from the censorship, but must be sent to the police before publication; and, if forbidden, the whole impression is sent to the paper-mill.

of justice, with, perhaps, trial by jury, would be substituted for secret and discretionary powers of judicature. In the present vigilant state of the public mind, any regular action of the *haute police* is impossible; as was very lately sufficiently proved by the effect of the arrest of the two liberal deputies of Baden. These gentlemen—one of them, Adam von Izstein, the best parliamentary orator of Germany—were on their way to visit Jacobi of Königsberg, the author of *The Four Questions*, and other liberal pamphlets. Whether it was supposed by the wisdom of the Berlin officials, that communications between these men could be stopped by such means, we will not say; but it is a fact that they were arrested the morning after their arrival at Berlin, (though their papers were all in order,) and conducted back to the frontier, with orders to repress it at their peril. Von Arnim, the minister who issued this order, and who represented the aristocratic party in the cabinet, has since retired; and given way to Bodelschwing, a man of high promise, both as a liberal statesman and public speaker. It is not known whether these events were to one another as cause and effect; but it is certain that the storm of indignation raised not only throughout Prussia, but in other states—and the popular cry, that no such invasion of the rights of individual strangers had taken place since the murder of the French delegates at Radstadt—was very likely to have brought about the dismissal of the minister who had incurred the immediate responsibility of the act. There is no evidence that it was done by the command, or even with the permission of the king; but from the time of M. de Haugwitz to the present moment, there has always been a habit in Prussia of making ministers the scapegoats of political faults and princely unpopularity.

The bar in Prussia holds so high a position in public esteem, and is considered, even now, to be so independent of patronage and favor, that it could not fear the fullest publicity of legal proceedings. Except for the material difficulty of erecting proper buildings, there seems no reason why, in criminal cases at least, open trials should not immediately take place. The lawyers may begin to acquire the habit of public pleading now, as well as at any other time. A very strong dislike to the punishment of death is growing up in Germany—much heightened, no doubt, by the secrecy of trials; and the infliction even of lesser penalties is frequently regarded with popular suspicion. In each of the annual publications, *Deutsches Bürgerbuch* and *Vorwärts* for 1845, is a strong article on that subject;—recounting many very painful cases of false accusation, condemnation of the innocent, and horrible cruelties exercised by the subordinate ministers of justice;—all which are placed to the account of the secrecy of the procedure. Open courts would possibly not remedy all these evils; but, if accompanied by trial by jury, would obtain that assent of public opinion, without which the best juridical system is nothing worth. The scientific jurists of Germany are generally adverse to the introduction of the jury; and abstractedly, as a means of the attainment of truth, it may indeed be difficult to defend it; but in its secondary effects—as a part of the political education of a people, as a means of producing general confidence in the administration of justice, and the necessity it imposes on the judge to attend to and follow all the bearings of the case—it amply deserves the

attachment with which it is regarded in this country. The assimilation to our mode of procedure, would also tend to abolish in Prussia an odious remnant of that ancient penal system, which a French writer has aptly designated as *la chasse aux crimes*—viz., the extortion of confession from the accused, by every means short of physical torture; and it is confidently asserted that even this is not unknown within the prisons. One of the heads of the police at Berlin is held in high estimation for the ingenuity and cunning with which he entraps the unwary, terrifies the timid, and excites the conscientious to a confession of crime. A valid confession must take place before two witnesses; but the third person can come dexterously in at the right moment, or may remain unobserved during the disclosure. Circumstantial truth, no doubt, is frequently obtained by these means, but at what a sacrifice of morality!—the time of the officers of justice is saved, but by what an infraction of the first principles of jurisprudence!

No longer can the literary men of Germany be accused of living in the clouds of metaphysics, and neglecting the pressing interests of their time. Abstract theories—even philological and historical investigation—are comparatively neglected;—Boeckh, the scholar, addresses his students on the indispensability of perfect freedom of communication of thought to make a nation great and happy. Neander, the Christian philosopher, encourages and instructs the Free Church of Scotland. No poetry is now read which has not a political meaning; and this element has a tendency to give a vague declamatory tone to what should be pure works of art.

We would not wish to conceal the dangerous side of the picture. There are Prussians of grave imagination, who look forward with the saddest anticipations to the future condition of their country, and speak of it as thoughtful Frenchmen might have spoken of France in 1789; and, although this may not be general, yet it is undeniable that a chronic discontent is rapidly gaining ground—most painful in itself, and perilous to the peace of the nation. There is very little of what we are accustomed to look for as German *bonhomie* in the character of the inhabitants of Central Prussia; they are an unenthusiastic careful set of people; but who will be resolute enough in their demands when they once determine to make them. Royal authority is no longer an object of reverence; and the laws themselves, being considered in no higher light than as the expression of the royal will, are gradually losing their salutary influence. In bitter contrast to the less powerful kingdom of Wirtemberg, where the inscription on one of the public buildings—“Happy the land where Love is the subject, and Love is the Lord”—hardly exaggerates the popular contentment, Prussia, unconstitutioned, will soon become a country ruled by suspicion and submitting with disgust; and at last sullenness will burst into rage, and political rights be forcibly wrung from the hand that withheld them. The people will enter on the task of self-government without gratitude to their sovereign—without distrust of themselves, without reverence, as without humility.

This prospect is far other than that which delighted the hopes of so many patriotic Germans five years ago. We, in our insular independence, members of a nation with no frontier but the subject ocean, and with the long past of

"a settled government,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

may hardly understand the solemn interest with which so many thousands of German race regard the alternative—whether the liberty of Prussia is to be gained by fair concession, or rude force—as the question on which the calm or violent course of their political affairs may lastingly depend. But, though mere spectators of the scene, we cannot be indifferent to what passes upon it. Nor is the historical destiny of that ruler, whose gracious hospitality has been so lately shown to our own, and whose people seemed for a while to forget every grievance and merge every difference in the cordial and affectionate welcome of the British Queen, without its interest. A few years will indeed determine whether a man on whom Providence seems to have bestowed all those gifts which should endear a constitutional monarch to his subjects, shall accept a life, perhaps of labor, but of labor fulfilled with success—perhaps of self-denial, but of self-denial consummated by the satisfaction of being the benefactor of millions; or whether the future historian of future Germany shall have to record, in the words of Tacitus, how happy, how useful, another sovereign than the Emperor Galba would have been—*omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset!*

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

ADVENTURE has always its charms, be it by flood or field, at home or abroad, but more especially when it lies amid scenes little known, or even before unvisited. Under this impression we turn to a recent volume* by the surgeon of a whaling vessel, who traversed the Pacific some ten or twelve years ago, dating his departure from England in 1832, and his return in 1836. The lapse between the date of the incidents and that of their publication is an unusual circumstance; but perhaps the author, acting on the good old Horatian maxim, judged that his manuscript would not be the worse for the retention. Be this as it may, the "Adventures" constitute a not uninteresting volume, relating as they do chiefly to shooting, fishing, and sailing excursions, and to exploring rambles on some of the uninhabited islands of Polynesia.

In October, 1832 Dr. Coulter set sail from Spithead in the good ship "Stratford," and, after a somewhat stormy run, entered the tropics, touched at Brava, one of the Cape de Verdes, and at the Falklands. These last mentioned islands are, in Southern Atlantic conversation, called the "egg market," from the immense quantities of eggs of geese, penguins, and albatrosses, found along their shores. The nests of these birds are so numerous as to constitute ranges of two or three miles in length, and from three to six feet apart. "This arrangement," says our author, "is very convenient in every respect. The birds can easily hold a conversation across this street: and the sailors can walk up the centre of it, beat them out of their nests, and march off with the good eggs, thoughtfully leaving behind two or three bad ones as an inducement for the birds to return to their homes after the invasion." From these long streets of birds'-nests, the ships company carried off some six or seven tons of good palatable provision.

* By John Coulter, M.D. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1845.

Having left the Falkland Islands, and rounded Cape Horn, the Stratford entered upon the scene of her whaling operations, and had good and easy success, if we may judge from some of the hunts described by Dr. Coulter. Dismissing, however, these marine adventures, we shall follow him in his excursions on the islands which were visited during the cruise. Juan Fernandez—the island of the immortal Robinson Crusoe—was that first touched at, the vessel anchoring on the north side in deep water close to the beach. The island when they arrived was tenantless, though some time before the Chilian government had attempted to make it a sort of penal settlement. The attempt was unsuccessful; the convicts, amounting to about one thousand, rose on the soldiers in charge of them, seized their arms, and compelled two vessels, which were in the anchorage at the time, to carry them to the mainland.* A more enchanting habitation, if we may judge from Dr. Coulter's description, could not be wished for either by citizen or convict. It is from sixteen to eighteen miles long, and about seven in width, and chiefly consists of a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs in romantic waterfalls. After leaving the beach of Cumberland Bay, there is a level tract of some thirty acres filled with rose bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, which is so tall, that one could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. The island was abundantly stocked with bullocks, goats, and dogs—all imports since the time of Crusoe—but so wild, that when disturbed they dashed through the thickets like deer. There was also no want of fish, as the sea all around abounded with delicious rock-cod; and seals could be had in almost any quantity. Having replenished their stock of beef, fish, wood, water, &c., and having stowed away a few boat-loads of the mint, which formed an agreeable anti-scorbutic tea, the Stratford hoisted anchor, and bade adieu to this delightful and ever-memorable island.

The solitary life of Robinson Crusoe, or, more correctly speaking, Alexander Selkirk, appears to be anything but singular in the annals of the Pacific. This great and generally placid ocean is dotted over with hundreds of islands, the larger of which, in groups, are inhabited by tribes of people described by Cook and other voyagers, but the smaller and more isolated are lying in a state of nature, and untenanted, at least by natives. "There is scarcely, however," says our adventurer, "an uninhabited island in those seas, in the thoroughfare of shipping, on which there is a fertile spot of earth with a supply of water, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it." Islands so occupied become in some measure shops to passing vessels; they furnish them with fresh vegetables and water, and likewise can give some information regarding the route of ships which had lately visited them. Dr. Coulter mentions the case of an Irishman who, put ashore for bad behavior from a vessel on Charles' Island, lived there some years

* The island has since been taken on lease from the Chilian government by an American, who has brought to it a small colony of Tahitians, with the intention of cultivating it, so as to make it become the resort of whalers and other vessels navigating the Pacific.

a roving and independent life: he was at last killed in attempting to carry off from Guyaquil a queen for his beautiful domain. Another solitary of a different character was Johan Johanson, a Swede, who, somewhat later, lived a quiet life on this island, cultivating the ground, rearing goats, catching turtles, and otherwise occupying himself. This worthy man was ultimately robbed of his hard-earned property, including his boat, by a band of villains to whom he had shown kindness. "There is an inducement," says our author, "to live on such islands; and that is the sale of their produce to seamen, who are very glad to get a supply of fresh vegetables, and even give cash for it. Then, again, the great feeling of ease of mind and independence—no one to control a man, no one to demand anything of him. The only real annoyance those isolated men meet with is the occasional runaway sailor, who hides in the bush until the ship sails, and then asks shelter from the monarch of the island, and perhaps afterwards ill-treats or otherwise annoys him."

After some weeks' whaling, the Stratford anchored at Chatham island, another of the Gallipagos group, for the purpose of recovering her oil, and otherwise righting her cargo. A tent having been erected on a smooth grassy plot close to the water's edge, one-half of the crew took their turn of the land and vessel alternately; and a most delightful residence they had. "Fine green turtle came in on the beach at night, and, with a little row and fun in watching for and turning them, were easily taken; then the wild ducks on the lagoons, and plenty of large doves on the land, were easily knocked down by a man throwing a stick among them; the terrapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds weight; plenty of fine fish close to the rocks; whole beds of very high strong mint, with other herbs in great variety; all these, with many others, afforded the men a great treat, particularly when taken by themselves and used on shore. There were plenty of large hair seals in all directions on the beaches and rocks, whose skins made mocassins for every one in the ship; and, to complete the comforts of this encampment, fine fresh water was obtained by digging down about fourteen feet. All around this end of the island the woods extended to nearly the beach and rocks, and in some instances overhung the water. It was a rich sight. I had been at this island twice before, but had not an opportunity of seeing so much of it; indeed little more than the rocks, beach, and a mile or so inland. As we were to lie here some time, and as there was nothing for me to do professionally, I determined to shoulder my gun, and walk right round the island on an exploring excursion." Having arrayed himself in leathern cap and jacket, canvas trousers and strong shoes, and carrying with him the indispensable accoutrements of knife, axe, gun, and canteen, the doctor set out alone; not an individual would volunteer his companionship; it "was all a humbug," said they, "to be tramping about an uninhabited island from morning to night." For a week or two our adventurer found everything very pleasant—delightful scenery, good living, and no charges; nothing to do but travel, cook his own turtle and venison, and sleep soundly without dread or danger. His stipulated time being nearly expired, he again bent his way through brake and ravine to the encampment; but mark his dismay when he found the tent and vessel gone—not a trace of his companions save a pole

stuck in the ground, and a bottle dangling at the top of it. This, however, contained a note from the captain, stating that the vessel had broken from her moorings, and that, in consequence of the current and swell, he was obliged to run her to sea; but that he would bring her up to her old berth as soon as the storm abated. Here then was our adventurer an involuntary Robinson Crusoe on one of the Gallipagos; set adrift for days, it might be for weeks, and left to his own resources, with the exception of a change of clothing, some shot and powder, a small bag of biscuit, and a frying-pan which the captain had considerably deposited near the deserted encampment. There was no use for idle regret: wishes could not better his position; and so arraying himself in his new apparel, Dr. Coulter set out once more to lead the life of a solitary hunter and fisher.

After a lapse of fourteen days, the Stratford hove in sight; and a couple of boats were lowered at the signal of the doctor, who admits that though he always experienced great delight in a change of scenery, and exploring unknown places, he felt infinitely more in again hearing the voices of his friendly shipmates. The voyage was now directed towards the Marquesas, a group of islands whose inhabitants were then thorough barbarians and cannibals. On one of these the doctor was again accidentally left, and was obliged to remain for some time, and cultivate the acquaintance of the natives. In a few days he became a great favorite with the chief of the tribe, who, being at war with another tribe, thought the adventurer's rifle more than match for a thousand of the spears of his opponents. The doctor in short became a great man—too great we fear for his own liking or comfort; for they not only made him a chief, but insisted on his being tattooed, and made "one of themselves." "I was," continues he, "four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets ended the ceremony. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts—fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed, all was an exhibition of real kindness." Besides causing him to be tattooed, his adopters insisted on our member of the College of Physicians changing his own respectable habiliments for the less cumbersome costume of the country. "'Mate' [one of the chiefs] gave me his own head-dress, which he had worn in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing. There was a hoop of brown bark, about three inches deep, to fit on the head; this was encircled with pearl-shell of various shapes, and red berries glued fast on; from the entire circumference of the top, drooped gracefully over the shoulders the long shining feathers of the cock's tail; the inside was lined, and the lower edge fringed, with the varied-colored bright feathers of the ground-parrot. As soon as he put it on my head, and adjusted it, he took me to a Marquesan looking-glass (a deep pond of clear water) to look at myself; and from what I beheld then, I certainly thought my friends at home would scarcely know me." Nor did the

change end in the dress; they made him alter his profession, turned the physician into a warrior, and compelled him to take part in the pending encounter. The account of that savage affair is the most unpleasing portion of the volume, and we gladly pass it over. The object of the war, we are told, was satisfactorily attained, by the restoration of the mother and child of the chief, both having been stolen in order to be made a sacrifice in one of the heathenish rites common in these islands. A short time afterwards, the Stratford appeared once more in sight, and our author left the island, and gained the ship; his grotesque appearance being greeted "with the most tremendous and unrestrained laughter."

Cruising for whales again occupied the Stratford for several weeks, after which she touched at Robert's Island, the most northern of the Marquesas. This islet, according to the doctor's description, is quite a gem of a place—secure, and well stocked with every sort of Polynesian produce. And who, it may be asked, were the lords of so desirable a domain? Why, another Robinson Crusoe in the person of Thomas Holt, an English sailor, who had left an American brig, on board of which he had met with some unfriendly treatment. Here he had already lived five years; three by himself, and two in company with another English sailor and a native Marquesan boy. The little group seemed perfectly happy; and so many will think they ought to have been, for, under a most delightful climate, they had plenty of hogs, fowls, fruit, fish, and turtle—everything, in short, which they desired; and the whole seasoned with the most perfect freedom and independence. The doctor's description of a visit to the palace of these island monarchs is quite a picture:—"Our way lay through a delightfully picturesque and natural avenue of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and other trees, with here and there a high naked rock of very fantastic form. The weather was very fine, the temperature of the air agreeable, and the vegetation around was fresh and luxuriant. The chirp of the paroquette, and the occasional note of other birds, added life to the scene.

"After walking through this for about a mile and a half, we came to a very densely wooded part, and by taking a scarcely defined footpath through this for a few moments, we arrived at an open space, from which the trees had been cleared away, leaving the stumps about two or three feet high. At one end of this clearing, and close to a small pond of fresh-water, Holt's house stood. In the rear of this habitation was a complete barrier of thick timber, which had not been touched. The house itself was about twenty feet long by twelve wide, sufficiently capacious for the residence of the two men and the boy that formed the only inhabitants of this island. At one end of it there was a kind of cook-house erected, where they prepared their meals. The furniture of the house consisted of two sleeping places for the men, and a smaller one for the boy, built up against the side of the house, after the manner of a ship's berth; two muskets, and a couple of Marquesan spears. Fishing-gear hung against the wooden partition, the house being divided into two apartments. Two frying-pans, and an iron boiling-pot, with three large calabashes slung for carrying water, and five or six canoe paddles lying in the corner; a kind of a table was in the centre of the larger room, rudely enough made, by driving four posts into the floor, and resting on them a slab of wood,

roughly flattened with an axe. They had also two spades and as many axes; pieces of hollowed wood served them for plates and dishes."

After leaving the Marquesas, the Stratford touched at the Georgian and Society Islands, and ultimately at Tahiti—Pomare's own isle—to which recent events have now attracted the attention of Europe. To these our author alludes but slightly—conveying, however, the gratifying information that all of them present unmistakeable evidence of improvement both in economy and morals. While at Tahiti, the doctor was presented to no less a personage than Queen Pomare, and was nearly getting into a more serious adventure than any into which accident had yet thrown him. This was nothing short of marriage with one of the queen's maids of honor—her majesty vehemently urging the affair, and promising our M.D. an ample bribe in the shape of land and oxen. "Not being inclined at the time," says the doctor naïvely, "I waived all those brilliant inducements, and begged to decline so great a favor, even from the hands of her majesty."

Here the adventures end somewhat abruptly, but with a promise that the author will, in a future work, bring the reader across the meridian of 180 degrees into east longitude, and tell him of adventures and occurrences at islands and other places where a civilized trader seldom, and a missionary never landed.

INDIANS IN EUROPE.—Extract from a letter of George Catlin, now in Paris to a friend in New York:

"Pray get some of the editors in the United States, whose papers reach the Western frontiers, to discourage any other parties of Indians from coming to England or France for the purpose of exhibition. The party of twelve Ojibbeways who came from London to Paris some months since, have not been able, even in connexion with my extensive collection, to realize more than expenses, and the person in whose charge they were, failing of the means required to pay their expenses back to London, I volunteered to do it myself, and accompanied them on their passage, taking Brussels on their way. In that city they contracted that most awful disease, the small-pox, with which five or six were sick, and by which three of the finest men of the party have lost their lives. The rest of the party I have sent by steamer to London, and I very much fear they will there be reduced to great distress. Their detention in Brussels was more than a month, and my outlays for them since they left Paris have been more than \$1,000. My expenses in exhibiting the parties of Iowas and Ojibbeway Indians in England and France, in connexion with my extensive collection, during the last year, have been quite equal to all the receipts, besides the loss of a year's time, with much toil and a great deal of anxiety; and in that time I have had the distress and paid the expenses of six funerals amongst them. The expenses and responsibilities of such parties in a foreign country are much greater, and their receipts much less, than the ardent expectations of those bringing them over; and I sincerely hope, for the happiness of the poor Indians, and for the benefit of those persons who may be planning such speculations, that no other enterprises of the kind may be undertaken, at least for many years to come.

GEO. CATLIN."

"Paris, January 30, 1846.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

THE Carmagnole was the name of a song and dance which became popular during the terrible days of the French Revolution. Expressive of a quick step, lively and animating, the air was a prodigious favorite with the Parisian mobs of that time, who used to call for it from military bands and the orchestras of theatres, and join in dancing to it, singing at the same time the doggerel verses which had been composed for it—some of which are here translated. They evidently bear reference to the first triumphs over the royal family and their friends in August and September, 1792, (Monsieur Veto was a nickname for Louis XVI.) :—

Madame Veto declared that she
Would slaughter send through all Paris ;
She lost, as it appears,
Thanks to our cannoneers.
Let us dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Monsieur Veto did vow that he
Would to his country faithful be :
How has he kept his word ?
No quarter—now the sword !
Let us dance, &c.

Antoinette resolved, good lack !
To make us fall upon our back :
She missed ; and as we rose,
She got a broken nose.
Let us dance, &c.

I'm a *sans-culotte*, and sing,
Spite the council and the king :
Hurra Marseilles—the cause,
The Bretons, and the laws.
Let us dance, &c.

We'll remember long and sure
The *sans-culottes* of the *faubourg* :
Drink we merrily,
Dogs of liberty.
Let us dance, &c.

The singing and dancing of the Carmagnole became the signal of ferocious assaults on authority, and the expression of savage rejoicings over it. On any occasion of excitement on the streets, round the scaffold, even within the walls of the convention, troops of *sans-culottes* would be seen circling round with beating feet to this tune, with faces full of dreadful meaning. The very prisoners whom suspicion condemned to the risk of a horrible death, no one could say how soon, would cheer themselves with the Carmagnole. "*Dansons le Carmagnole!*" were amongst the most familiar words known in Paris during at least a couple of years. Fashion appropriated the word, and applied it to a peculiar form of blouse, with wide sleeves, worn by the revolutionists, and all those who wished to make a show of their patriotism. Barrère, and some other members of the convention, also gave the name of Carmagnoles to the measures passed by that body, and to some of the orations delivered from the parliamentary tribune in fanatical phraseology, having reference to the *veto* or opposition of the government, or to the victories of the army. The song and the new-fashioned garment both disappeared with the reign of terror.

Our readers may be curious to learn the history of a word so celebrated. Not far from the right

bank of the Po, near the city of Turin, there lived, in the year 1405, a youth, aged fifteen, who had earned a good character as keeper of sheep on the farm where he was employed. No prowling wolf, driven by hunger from the hills, or roving man-at-arms, whose trade was war and rapine, had ever been able to elude his watchfulness. They had sometimes, it is true, set his courage at defiance, but with a result that made them repent of their temerity, until at last he was known throughout the country as "the bold shepherd, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone."

During the time that Francesco was thus tending sheep, war broke out in Italy: a war of parties; and so eager was the struggle for supremacy, that the highways were infested by bands of *condottieri*, troops who hired themselves to the best paymaster, or to the chieftain most ready to accord them sack and pillage in the cities taken by storm. Facino Cane was one of those partisan leaders, who fought indifferently for Venice or Genoa, Milan or Turin, careless whether their banner bore the evangelical lion of St. Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. At that time no person below the rank of a noble could rise to the command of regular troops; but to be a leader in the companies of Facino Cane, the only qualifications required were a wholesome contempt of danger, and such skill in strategy as might deceive an enemy or decide a victory.

Francesco was sleeping by the roadside on one of those evenings when, in Italy, the declining sun paints the sky in golden splendor, and the fleecy clouds glow with hues as of some far-off conflagration. A man passing by stopped, and commanded the young shepherd to rise; whereupon Francesco opened his eyes and rose to his feet. The stranger regarded him with a scrutinizing eye, and said musingly, "There is a man's stature." "And a man's heart," rejoined Francesco, raising his arm to strike the intruder, who had aroused him so unceremoniously. "I am Facino Cane," replied the connoisseur of bone and muscle: on hearing which the arm of the shepherd remained suspended for an instant, and then fell unnerved to his side. "Yes, Facino Cane, who has risen from the ranks in the troops of Visconti, and made himself prince of Tortone and Verceil, because the world belongs to men of heart." "In that case," answered Francesco, "I have to demand my portion of inheritance from Italy." "Here is the key of your ducal castle," added Facino, buckling a heavy sword to the young man's side, whose eyes sparkled as he followed the soldier-prince in his journeys over the country, recruiting his army with all those who, to the stature of a man, added the desire for military honors.

In 1424, the marriage of the Count of Castel Nuovo with Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philippe Marie, Duke of Milan, was celebrated in the capital of the duchy. The palace *del Broletto*, built for the newly wedded pair, resounded with festive songs; while the blazonry of escutcheons, hanging on the wainscotted walls of the hall of state, showed with what proud titles the sovereign duke honored a subject in his royal alliance. One commemorated the taking of Piacenza, another the surrender of Brescia, a third the siege of Bergami; on the other side the guests might read, Milan reconquered, and the reunion of Genoa to the ducal crown; while in the centre of a trophy rose, straight and glittering, the great sword given by Facino Cane to the shepherd Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, become successively captain and general, under the name of Carmagnole; and afterwards, by

the marriage now spoken of, count and nephew of the duke of Milan.

Not long after, a man accused of having excited the enthusiasm of his soldiers, of having won the love of conquered people by his moderation in the hour of victory, and of having, in short, injured his master by his high position in the esteem and admiration of foreigners, was seen slowly following the road to Venice. He left behind him the immense wealth he had won, confiscated by the unjust avarice of his sovereign; and without knowing where to find a shelter, he carried nothing but the great sword of Facino Cane, and the ineffaceable glory associated with his name. It is said that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a mean cottage, and being without the means of paying for a lodging, he ventured to mention a name proscribed by the law in support of his request for a shelter beneath the humble roof. The whole family fell at the feet of the great general. The women offered their tenderest cares, the men volunteered unlimited service, and a little child was named Felix Glorioso (Happy and Glorious) on the spot, from having touched, in his play, the hilt of the sword of Carmagnole.

In 1430, there was at Venice a general of fortune, whom princes even, in the service of the republic, considered it an honor to obey. Having escaped the dagger of an assassin, sent by Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, to acquit a debt of gratitude by a murder, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the doge, before the altar of St. Mark, the standard and baton of commander, which assured to him the supreme authority over the armies and territory of Venice. This man, loaded with honors and riches, who extended every day the limits of the republic, and consolidated her power, was again Carmagnole.

The 5th of June, 1432, the ministers of justice led a man bound and gagged between the two columns of the Piazzetta of Venice. An assistant forced his head down upon the block which stood prepared, and the executioner, with one blow, struck off the head of the sufferer, already half dead with grief and torture. The crime publicly brought against him, was that of having permitted four hundred prisoners of war to return to the cultivation of their fields. The secret accusation was, however, having merited the confidence of the senate, without leaving any room to suspect his fidelity to the republic; and as his influence over the army could not be diminished without failing in the recompense due to him, he was made the victim of an unjust trial, under the impression that there was less of ingratitude in taking his life, than in the exhibition of distrust after all the services he had rendered.

Is it necessary to add that this man, whom tyranny doomed to a traitor's death, but whose whole life had been that of a hero, was the Sardinian shepherd boy, the companion of Facino Cane, the saviour of Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, the protector of Venice; in one word, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, surnamed Carmagnole?

It was originally to celebrate this popular hero that the song and dance of the Carmagnole took their rise in Piedmont in the fifteenth century. Strange with what different associations the name was to be afterwards invested.

The centenary of the birthday of Pestalozzi was celebrated, on the 12th of January, throughout the whole of Protestant Switzerland.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

[Independently of all interest in the story itself, whether truly given or not, it is important for us to know what kind of narratives about America are spread through Europe. This article we copy from Chambers' Journal. Other notices of the book have appeared in other papers of less circulation. Taking all together, not less than one million of persons in Great Britain and Ireland have been excited by the book and its commentators.]

We have been much interested in the autobiography of Frederick Douglass, a person of color, lately a slave in the United States, and now a lecturer in the cause of abolition.* The account he gives of his early life, and the condition from which he was able to relieve himself, bears all the appearance of truth, and must, we conceive, help considerably to disseminate correct ideas respecting slavery and its attendant evils. Some of the passages present a dismal picture of what is endured by the negro race in the slave-holding states of the union.

Douglass was born on a plantation in Talbot county, Maryland, about the year 1808, his mother being a negro slave, and his father a white man—the proprietor of the estate, he has reason to believe. Soon after his birth he was placed under the charge of a negress too old for field labor, and his mother was hired out to a planter at twelve miles' distance. He then only saw her occasionally at night, when she could steal away to visit him for a brief space, in order to be back before sunrise, whipping being the penalty of any such unauthorized absence. The strength of the maternal feelings may be judged of from the fact of these visits to see her child. She would lie down and clasp him to her bosom for an hour or two, and then depart long ere daybreak to renew her labor in the fields. The poor woman died when her boy was seven years old, and it was long before he knew anything about it.

On the plantation of his uncompromising proprietor, the young slave passed the first years of his life. The principal products raised were tobacco, maize, and wheat, the labor of cultivating which was performed by bands of negroes under overseers, who strictly enforced every regulation with the whip. Having been put to attend on one of his master's sons, young Frederick escaped the more severe labor of the fields, and he had the satisfaction of being seldom whipped; but he tells us that he suffered much from hunger, cold, and other miseries. In hottest summer and coldest winter he was kept almost naked; no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers—nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to the knees. Neither had he any bed; he lay on an earthen floor, on a sack or any other article he could conveniently secure. Along with the negro children, his companions, he fed at a trough placed on the ground; at these meals of boiled corn-meal, some used oyster-shells, others pieces of shingle, and some only their hands, in place of spoons; and he that ate fastest got most—the whole affair being like a scramble of monkeys.

When between seven and eight years of age, our hero was selected to act as a servant to a daughter of his master, who was married to a captain Thomas Auld in Baltimore. This was a joyous rise in his condition. Being duly washed and scrubbed, he was installed for the first time in a pair of trousers,

* Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, written by himself. Dublin: Webb and Chapman. 1845.

and felt himself already a new man. At Baltimore he was treated with unlooked-for kindness, and his duty was so far from being irksome, that it consisted only in taking care of his new master's son, little Thomas Auld. Mrs. Auld did not entertain the usual notions respecting slavery, and was disposed to lighten the condition of the dark-skinned boy—she even began to teach him to read.

"Very soon after I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A B C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr. Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs. Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, 'If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would *spoil* the best nigger in the world. Now,' said he, 'if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy.' These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—namely, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher, I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read."

Inspired with this ardent wish, young Frederick took every opportunity to learn not only to read, but to write; and only succeeded by dint of many stratagems and much patience. "The plan which I adopted, (says he,) and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in the neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow on the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids; not

that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them, for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country!"

Being now able to read, he had obtained a key by which he could open the treasures of knowledge hidden to the poor unlettered negro population. But the gift of learning brought with it depressing considerations. The thought of being a slave for life bore heavily on his heart; and while yet only twelve years of age, he began to inquire of himself how it should be the fate of some men to be slaves and others freemen. This very puzzling question was at length cleared up by his perusal of a book entitled "the Columbian Orator," which he chanced to get hold of. At every opportunity he read this book, in which, says he, "I found among much interesting matter, a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue exhibited the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect, for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master. In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold that very discontentment which master had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish."

While in this state of mind, he heard something of the abolition movement in the northern states. "I went one day down to the wharf; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went unasked and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, 'Are you a slave for life?' I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said that it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be

interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away."

Meanwhile he learned to write, beginning by imitating the letters chalked on the timber in a ship-building yard. "After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, 'I don't believe you. Let me see you try it.' I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and asked him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time my copy-book was the board-fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the italics in Webster's Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside. By copying these, I finally succeeded in learning how to write."

After various turns in his condition, he was, by the death of his owner, in 1832, transferred to Mr. Thomas Auld at St. Michael's, where he was exposed to much harsh treatment. This new proprietor affected to be more than usually devout; but this, to the surprise of Frederick, neither made him more humane to his slaves, nor led him to emancipate them. "Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slave-holding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preachers' home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them."

Neither the religious nor the intellectual culture of the slaves on the establishment troubled this set of worthies; they in fact set their faces against any improvement in the condition of these unfortunate beings. A young man having collected the negroes together on the Sunday evenings to teach them to read the New Testament, the school was broken up by an irruption of the leaders of the class-meetings, armed with sticks and other missiles. "I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture—'He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' Master would keep this lac-

erated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning and whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner-time, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash."

Frederick did not please his master, who alleged he had been spoiled by a city life; and, to bring him in as a good field hand, he was transferred for a term to Mr. Covey, a great professor of religion, and a person reputed for his abilities as a "nigger-breaker." He had been at this new home only a week, when he committed the unpardonable crime of allowing a team of oxen with a dray to break away from him in the woods. Catching the animals after several hours' toil, and returning home, he tells Mr. Covey what had happened. "He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocket-knife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order, I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences. I lived with Mr. Covey one year. During the first six months of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and ploughing teams. Mr. Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us; and at saving fodder-time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades. Made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died, the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute! Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor between sleeping and waking under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint gleam of hope that flickered for a moment and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality."

We must pass over some distressing details which follow, and take up the narrative of our hero in January, 1824, on his removal from Mr. Covey to the establishment of Mr. William Freeland, a person of a more generous disposition, and without

any pretensions on the score of religion. "This, in my opinion (says Frederick,) was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes, a justifier of the most appalling barbarities, a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds, and a dark shelter under which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly of all others." Of course, in making these observations, our author wishes to guard his readers against the notion that true piety is an enemy of freedom and justice; he only means to show how religion is employed as a cloak for every iniquity in the southern states of the union.

Freeland was a humane master, and at the end of the year 1834, Frederick had the satisfaction of being hired by him from his proprietor for one year longer. This permitted him to devote some little leisure time to the cultivation of his mind, and the instruction of the negroes with whom he lived. Along with two of these he contrived a plan of escape, to be aided by passes, which he had the ability to write. The runaways were, however, taken; and after confinement in jail, our hero, very much downcast, was sent to labor in a ship-builder's yard in Baltimore. Here he was shockingly abused by the white workmen, and on one occasion was so much beaten that he had to be removed; and, after this, for some time was permitted to hire himself out, on the condition that all he made by his labor should be paid over weekly to his owner. "In the early part of the year 1838, I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received anything, for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honorable sort of robber." Discontent at this as well as every other mode of coercion, at length, in September, 1838, induced Frederick to attempt once more his escape, in which if he failed, he might reckon on the severest punishment, besides being placed effectually beyond the means of any fresh effort at freedom. Fortunately he laid his plans so well that he succeeded in reaching New York without interruption. The more effectually to escape detection, he changed his name. Hitherto, he had borne his mother's name Bailey, which he changed to Johnson on leaving Baltimore; and this he afterwards dropped, to take that of Douglass. At New York he was joined by a young woman from Baltimore, to whom he

was united in marriage. The newly-married pair, not thinking themselves safe in this great city, went to New Bedford, a sea-port in Massachusetts. Here the extent of shipping and proofs of wealth astonished him. "Added to this, almost everybody seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore. There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships. I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the laborer. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharfs I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland."

On the third day after his arrival he procured employment on the wharfs, there being no work too hard or too dirty which he did not gladly undertake. "I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry the hod, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks, all of which I did for nearly three years in New Bedford before I became known to the anti-slavery world." Having accidentally been led to speak of slavery at a meeting of abolitionists, he seemed to have at length alighted on his proper vocation; and from that time until now he has been engaged in publicly pleading the cause of his unfortunate brethren.

On his quitting America for Europe, a meeting of persons friendly to emancipation took place at Lynn, Massachusetts, where he had resided for the last two years, and unanimously passed the following resolution in his favor:—"That we are especially desirous that Frederick Douglass, who came to this town a fugitive from slavery, should bear with him to the shores of the old world our unanimous testimony to the fidelity with which he has sustained the various relations of life, and to the deep respect with which he is now regarded by every friend of liberty throughout our borders." Mr. Douglass is now, we believe, in Great Britain, lecturing on the subject of slavery, and we should suppose few could be more capable of depicting the horrors of that great national iniquity.

PHOTOGRAPHY APPLIED TO ASTRONOMY.—Professor Nicholl, at the time of the discovery of Photography, suggested that it might be applied to astronomical purposes; but to the present time no practical results have been attained. In Italy, however, photographic maps have been made of the heavens; and the forms of the nebula have been transferred to a photographic stone and from thence to paper. The nucleus of the nebula of Adromeda was subjected to a magnifying power of 824 and then daguerreotyped. By this process it was resolved into a great number of luminous points. These, by the application of a higher magnifying power, may turn out to be stars. There is no limit to the magnifying power by this process, for a magnified daguerreotype image may be illuminated and again magnified, and the image thus obtained may be illuminated and magnified in its turn.

From the N. O. Commercial Bulletin.

NORTHERN PROVINCES OF MEXICO.

MEMORANDA.—In a late visit to the army at Corpus Christi, the attention of the writer was drawn to the political condition of Mexico, and especially of the northern provinces of that republic. He had the advantage of conversing with intelligent persons who had recently been in Matamoros, Monterey, Saltillo, etc. His conclusions from the information obtained are as follows: That the late revolution of General Paredes was exclusively a military one, to which a large portion of the Mexican people was opposed.—That the provinces of Tamaulipas, New Leon, Coahuila, San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas and Chihuahua are especially opposed to the Paredes movement, and only await a favorable moment to declare by force their opposition.

General Arista, it is said, desires the independence of these provinces, and would have raised the standard of revolt some months since, and previous to the Paredes demonstration, if the troops of the United States had taken a strong position on the Rio Grande. The hope is now entertained by Arista and the people, that Paredes will not treat with the United States, and that the departure of Mr. Slidell, the American minister, from Mexico, will be the signal for the United States to take strong measures to put an end to the quasi war now existing. That the best measure to effect this object would be the marching of 10,000 men to the Panuca or Tampico river, which would at once induce the northern provinces to declare their permanent secession from the republic of Mexico.

That it would be for the interest of the United States, while the government did not directly encourage such a revolution, to indirectly assure the people of the northern provinces, by the prudent conduct of the troops in their advance on the Panuca, that the rights and property of all would be preserved, without molestation of any kind. A political change thus effected, and resulting from the operations necessary to bring the government of Mexico to terms, would make it incumbent on the United States in future negotiations with Mexico to compel it to acknowledge the independence of the northern provinces. That the policy of this movement is obvious as regards a speedy adjustment of the affairs with Mexico, and as securing to the United States the Rio Grande and a portion of Upper California.

The policy is quite as clear in binding to the United States an independent republic, filled with the most intelligent of the Mexican population, drawn to us by considerations of protection and great commercial facilities, and especially of freedom from future strifes of military despots, to which Mexico has been subject ever since it became independent of Spain. That the advantages to the United States would be immense, by placing such a republic between them and the republic of Mexico, and by the extended and peaceful intercourse of trade. That in order to secure this state of things it would be wise to impress upon the authorities of the new republic that their true interests would be in a permanent peace, in which the rich resources of their country would be surprisingly developed; that, to avoid future designs of ambitious men, the army, which has always been the point d'appui of revolution, should no longer exist; that under the guaranty of the United

States, the new republic would require neither army nor navy, thereby avoiding a great expense; that a cheap government should be established, following the examples of our states, and that a free trade should be established.

There is not time in this brief and hastily written memoir to discuss the reciprocal advantages that would flow to both countries, and the remaining pages are devoted to the plan of operation, first stating that the naval operations in the Gulf of Mexico should be strictly confined to the blockade of the ports of Mexico, and the possession of Tampico with a view to its establishment as the main depot of supply to the army after it reached the Panuca or Tampico river, and San Luis de Potosi. The coast of the Pacific should be blockaded, and Monterey and St. Francisco taken possession of by the naval forces in the Pacific. The reasons for this are briefly stated. The reduction of St. Juan d'Ulloa could only be effected, if properly defended, by great loss, and when taken would exhibit a point in our possession neither affording facilities as a depot nor as a starting point for an invading army on the city of Mexico.

The road leading to Mexico from Vera Cruz could easily be defended by a very inferior force. The force considered necessary to march upon the Panuca is 10,000 men; say 5000 regulars and 5000 volunteers, of which there should be 3000 Texans, who have held arms in their hands for ten years, and 2000 volunteers from Louisiana. If more troops were required, the northern provinces of Mexico would furnish them, under able officers, of whom General Arista is acknowledged to be the ablest. The squadron operating before Tampico should be supplied with 1000 marines and artillerymen, to assist in the reduction of that place. The plan of the campaign is as follows: 5000 men march from Mier, on Monterey, and 5000 men march from Laredo, on Saltillo. The two columns march on converging roads to San Luis de Potosi, and the communication with Tampico along the line of the Panuca is established.

The Panuca thus becomes the base of operations, from which negotiations with Mexico would most probably be begun. If the government of Mexico proved obstinate, the army must march on the city of Mexico, after being reinforced by 10,000 men, the principal part of which might be landed at Tampico. The road from Mier to Monterey, and thence to San Luis de Potosi, is said to be a very good one, and the country affords ample provisions and water. The road from Laredo, by Saltillo, affords equal facilities except in the supply of water on a distance of 48 miles only. This distance could be overcome in two days by forced marches. The object of marching in two columns to San Luis de Potosi is to secure the only two roads leading to that point from the Rio Grande.

A favorable impression would also be produced among the population by the prudent conduct of the troops. A detachment must remain at Laredo to observe the road to San Antonio, and keep the Indians in check. 1000 mounted riflemen should be assembled at Bent's Fort, and march thence on Santa Fe. It would only be necessary to send 2000 regulars to the present army of occupation, and raise 5000 volunteers, which could be effected in one month after the date of orders. In six weeks the whole army could be en route beyond the Rio Grande. In thirty days after, the line of the Panuca will be established. This brief memoir does

not enter into details, for the military man will at once appreciate the demonstration it proposes; and the statesman will as readily grasp its consequences as most favorable to an honorable peace with Mexico; to the improved political condition of a new born contiguous republic, whose people desire protection and peace in order to develop the bounteous resources of their country; and to the interests of the United States by securing a well defined frontier, and an increase of internal trade.

Galveston, February 16, 1846.

C.

From the Congregational Journal, (Concord, N. H.)

THE ANGLO-SAXONS IN AMERICA.

THE actual and prospective additions to our national domain, are fitted to awaken great thoughts of our country's destiny. Already it covers a territory of the size of one half of Europe, and when it shall be peopled as densely, will contain a population of one hundred and thirty millions; peopled like Massachusetts, it will contain seventy millions more. Right or wrong in the motives and measures, Texas is already annexed, equal in territory to forty states of the size of Massachusetts. Oregon, unknown, illimitable, and of vast capabilities for adding to the wealth, the population and the power of the nation, is as certainly if not as formally a part of the Union as Jamestown and Plymouth; and even now our relatives and neighbors are on their way to their distant homes, with all the gaiety and non-chalance with which they were wont to set off on a visit to their country and city cousins. We begin to look farther, and talk of other annexations. Beyond these boundaries lie Upper and Lower California, New and Old Mexico, Central America, and all the half-explored regions stretching down to the isthmus, the natural division of the western continent, and the natural boundary in that direction of any great nation lying to the north. The thought is naturally started, nor started only, but beginning to be seriously discussed, Will not annexation be made to annexation, till our union shall embrace in its mighty comprehension all between us and the isthmus? Obviously everything is tending to that direction; at least this looks certain, that whether one or twenty nations shall be the owners of the territory, at no distant period it will be the home of the *Anglo-Saxons*.

Such an event is in the natural order of things. The intrigues of cabinets and the selfishness of individuals may be concerned in bringing it about, at the same time all is in strict accordance with the laws of cause and effect. Mexico became the possession of the Spaniards in 1521; for three centuries it was one of their colonies; in 1821 it threw off the yoke, each state maintaining its individual independence, but all united in one federal republic. In 1835, giving up their separate independence, they became a central, or consolidated republic, and such they remain. During this long period of ages, and under these different forms of government, what signal is held out of progress? In agriculture, commerce, the arts, education, jurisprudence, government, and social life, what single improvement can be named? what one act is recorded, denoting melioration and advance? The world has changed, and changed again in these

three centuries; but Mexico is still the same; fine occasions have been presented for calling out the noblest qualities of human nature; but the only developments have been imbecility, treachery and baseness. The Spanish race has become effete alike on both sides of the water; worn out and exhausted by tyranny, luxury, and lust, incapable of anything great or good, or doomed to destruction for the crimes which for three centuries have called upon heaven for vengeance. There is neither national pride nor individual enterprise; neither intelligence nor virtue; and like other inferior races, they must melt away and disappear before the march of superior civilization, knowledge, energy, and virtue. Who will eventually supplant them, cannot be a question. The Anglo-Saxons have the fearless courage, the indomitable energy, the love of adventure, the inventive genius, the patient industry, the world-wide spirit, sustained and quickened by moral and religious principle, which carry them everywhere, make them at home everywhere, and everywhere plant around them the homes and the institutions they left behind. The English language is to be the language of North America, from the pole to the isthmus; in the Canadas, Prince Rupert's Land, equal to half of Russia, Oregon, the Californias, Mexico, and Central America; and of course the English literature, with its science, its morals, and religion, with all the free, educational and religious institutions which dignify and bless our own and our father-land.

Is not such a result also to be desired, as well as expected? Has God made anything in vain? Is it according to his will that the richest and fairest portions of the world he has created for man, should forever remain a wilderness and a waste? that our cities should be crowded with the starving poor, in garrets, and cellars, and the streets, while much land remains to be possessed, half-cultivated by its present occupants, or given up for the range of beasts and savages? Mexico alone, peopled as densely as Massachusetts, would contain a population of one hundred and thirty-two millions; instead of which it has but *seven*! Central America, at the same ratio, capable of containing a population of twenty millions, in fact contains but *two*! A country which might sustain a population of one hundred and fifty millions, equal to half of the Chinese empire, sustains only *nine*! God did not lift up these mountains, and spread out these valleys, and create that luxuriant soil, and plant those groves of citrons, and oranges, and every delicious fruit, and kindle up the skies, and pour out the breath of everlasting summer over the whole, that these miserable drones might merely vegetate, tyrannize, and fight, while others of his children are condemned to subsist upon train oil and seals, and live in houses excavated in piles of snow, or constructed of blocks of ice, amid the eternal night and frost of the poles. The world was made to be enjoyed, not possessed; to be cultivated, not left a wilderness and waste; to be inhabited by civilized, intelligent, and religious men, not by savages and wild beasts. The mission of the Anglo-Saxons is to disenthral, civilize, elevate, and regenerate the world; that of our own countrymen, no degenerate plant of the same vine, to perform all these offices for the population of North America from ocean to ocean and the isthmus to the pole—a work as glorious as great, and sure to be done.

THE SHIP CONSTITUTION.

THE *Journal des Debats* of January 7, contains a letter from an officer of the French corvette *Alcmene* cruising off the coast of Cochin China. The following extract contains an account of an affair which has been chiefly noticed in the papers some days since, but is here related more in detail, perhaps with some exaggeration.—*Daily Advertiser*.

"Admiral Cecille having learned at Singapore that M. Lefebvre, Bishop of Isaupolis, recently appointed by the pope apostolic vicar for lower Cochin China, had been arrested by order of the emperor of Cochin China, and thrown into the prison of the capital city of Hue-Fo, where he had been detained for several months by a decree which condemned him to be cut into a hundred pieces, ordered the corvette *Alcmene* to repair immediately to Touranne, to claim there, in the name of the King of the French, the person of M. Lefebvre.

"The corvette sailed the 16th of May last, and the 31st dropped anchor in the magnificent bay of Touranne. The day following, the commandant, Fournier du Plan, who had caused his visit to be announced to the mandarin of Touranne, landed in order to present a letter, addressed to Tiou-Try, Emperor of Cochin China. This letter was intended to signify to him the purport of his visit.

"We then learned that an American ship-of-war, which has since proved to be the frigate *Constitution*, had anchored before Touranne twenty or twenty-five days before the arrival of the French corvette, and that a number of burlesque circumstances, regarding the liberation of the Bishop of Isaupolis had taken place, which serve to give an idea of the regime of the Cochin China government towards its agents.

"The frigate *Constitution* had just anchored at Touranne to renew her provisions and water, when, the day after her arrival, her commander received, secretly, a letter, addressed by M. Lefebvre, to the first European ship-of-war which should appear in those waters. A Christian Cochin Chinese, domiciliated at Touranne, had taken on himself, in such case, to deliver the letter. In this letter the Bishop of Isaupolis begged that the French ships stationed in the Chinese seas, might be informed of his detention. The American commander conceived the generous idea of taking on himself the liberation of Lefebvre, and he immediately addressed a letter to the Emperor of Cochin China, making a claim to him, but as he did not conceal the fact of his being an American, the emperor thought proper to refuse, not without reason, this officious interference of an American in relation to a French subject, and he gave instructions in this view to the grand mandarin, whom he employed to give an answer to it.

"Consequently, in the conference which took place at Touranne, the American commander learned from the mouth of the mandarin himself, the refusal of the emperor. He was very much irritated, and yielding to a movement of passion, he declared that the European and Christian nations being sisters, consequently were responsible for each other. He considered the refusal of the emperor as an injustice, and that the grand mandarin himself should answer, body for body, for the French bishop. He then ordered his escort to arrest him and forcibly carry him in his boat, and place him on board the *Constitution*. The Cochin Chinese guard, which was very numerous, stood

as if they were petrified at the sight of this abduction, which they allowed to take place without opposition.

"Some days passed, and the Americans were expecting a claim in favor of the mandarin, and a reopening of the negotiations so suddenly interrupted, but the absolute inaction of the Cochin Chinese deceived all the calculations of the commander. While things were in this state, the emperor, who seemed to trouble himself very little with the fate of his grand mandarin, was occupied (the 10th or 12th of May) with the grand naval evolutions of his war fleet, which he had assembled for this purpose at the mouth of the Hue-Fo, without thinking the least in the world that some stroke of the delayed northern wind might come to trouble his nautical projects. This, however, was precisely what happened. A child of the north came madly and like a real Marplot to disperse the ships of the imperial navy; some took to the shore, others turned bottom upwards, the most part found a shelter in the river, some went out to sea, and two of these succeeded in entering the bay of Touranne, but they had escaped from the dangers of the sea only to find themselves worse off, for the American frigate took possession of them and manned them from his own crew.

"Meantime, great as had been the agitation in the capital of the empire, the minister had, at the risk of losing his head, dared to trouble the peace of the emperor by informing him of the hostilities of the foreign ship, and the Son of Heaven had deigned to give the order to the governor of the province of Quang-Nem, in which the bay of Touranne is situated, to drive away the barbarian ship. The governor, in his zeal to execute this sacred command, had called in all haste on the government to send him ammunitions of war and a reinforcement of troops. To which application he received for answer that he was very bold to ask for anything when the government had condescended to allow him to act, and he was accordingly degraded eight classes.

"Meantime, there was no external sign given of the existence of the Cochin Chinese government. Everything seemed to have returned to its accustomed quiet. It became evident from day to day that the emperor had adopted a system of temporization in order to overcome the patience of his enemy. This is the Asiatic method, by which the greatest difficulties are obviated without noise and without effort. The American, in fact, began to find the time long; he had thought to excite great indignation, which would be displayed in some decisive action; but he had struck only a stiffened corse, which it was impossible to galvanize. Time passed on; in a few days it would be necessary to think of quitting Touranne. The commander then relaxed his efforts, and sent the mandarin ashore, with the interpreter who had shared his captivity. Thus the calculations of the Chinese were justified.

"An edict of the emperor awaited the grand mandarin on his arrival—without doubt felicitations on his happy deliverance, words of consolation on his severe captivity; perhaps rewards were about to be showered on the high functionary who had just exposed his liberty and life for the service of the emperor—A gross error. In execution of this edict, the poor mandarin was seized, then deprived of all the distinctive marks of his dignity, and, loaded with chains, he remained exposed on the shore, in sight of the American frigate, in order to show the

barbarians all the rigor of the government of Cochin China.

"After such a demonstration of power, nothing remained to be done by the barbarian ship but to fly as quickly as possible, filled with terror. The imprudent vessel, however, remained three days longer; it then prepared for sailing under the cannon of the Cochin China fort, which defends at the south the harbor of Touranne. These cannon kept silence, in conformity, without doubt, to the august system. Those who have visited this fort declare that it would be difficult to make these cannon open their mouths. They figure in the embrasures, what more can be desired of them!

"Nearly ten days after these serious occurrences, the corvette *Alcmene* appeared in the waters of Cochin China. The affair, under the skilful management of M. Fournier Duplau, commander of the *Alcmene*, had all desirable success. The liberation of M. Isaupolis was promptly obtained by the Emperor Tiou-Try, and the bishop was received on board, with all the respect due to his holy character, his virtues, his devotion and his misfortunes. The fasting to which he had been subjected had made his cheeks, already pale with suffering, hollow. His body, so long bent under the weight of his chains in the prison of Hue-Fo, can hardly stand erect, but his inspired and animated countenance indicates that his soul has not been bowed down by his many trials.

"A letter from the Emperor of Cochin China, accompanied M. Isaupolis on his return, for which the mandarin claimed an acknowledgment. This letter stated, among other things, marked by that emphasis by which feeble Asiatic sovereigns endeavor to establish their importance, that the ship-of-war which had preceded the French corvette had conducted badly, but that the emperor, in his clemency, had allowed her to depart. If this fanfaronnade comes to the ears of the commander of the Constitution, he is the man to bring up his frigate and dethrone Tiou-Try.

"M. Isaupolis was carried to Manilla, where he was received with enthusiasm by the clergy, of which he at once became the head, by the death of the archbishop of Manilla, which happened a few days after his arrival, and the absence of any other bishop."

[Although it may be that the captain of the Constitution has exceeded the limits of a just discretion, yet his interference in behalf of a French subject, may at the present time be useful to us in France.—LIV. AGE.]

From Chambers' Journal.

THE PLAGUE OF THE PERSONAL.

CONSIDERING that man is chiefly an immaterial being, it seems a great pity that he should have been clogged for a few short years of his existence with such a thing as a body. It is a sad plague, this body of his, on many accounts. For one thing, at the very first, it is a troublesome thing to transport. At a natural rate of going, four miles an hour is the utmost of its locomotive power. Vehicles of all kinds, from a horse to a steam railway carriage, are attended with monstrous trouble and inconvenience. How different had we been spiritual solely—able, like Ariel, to girdle the earth in forty minutes! Then this same gross structure of ours is so liable to damage. Only think of a railway collision, or the consequences of your horse taking fright in that emblem of your respectability, a

gig! Think of what a syncope your soul may experience through a severe bruise or wound—nay, saving your presence, an over-sharp dose from a doctor still in the bondage of allopathy. Think of sea-sickness! That noble thing, the mind, prostrated by a little see-sawing on rough water. Is it not all very vexing! Particularly as you know the body to be such a subordinate and unimportant part of you. What right has so gross and paltry a thing to interfere so much with your comfort, and take so much from your dignity!

Inferior and unessential too as it is, we see such considerations attached to it. While unanimous as to the mind being the only thing worth looking to, not one of us but admires pretty girls and handsome young fellows, according to the sex we be of. The gramineous character of all flesh is a truism, on which all flesh is unanimous; yet what care is universally shown to keep the verdure in its trimmest possible state. With one breath we express our disesteem for this poor tabernacle of the soul—with another we scold the tailor or milliner for some little failure in adorning it. We preach of the beauties of the mind, and exhaust the dentist's ingenuity to preserve one of our incisors. Take the most unworldly-minded of us, and ask his opinion of wooden legs! To men regarding the mind as solely valuable, it should be a matter of indifference whether a limb be of the statutory material or ligneous; yet is there a choice! "But the original leg is the more convenient." That is not the reason; but no matter. Take the case of red hair instead. This is as "convenient" as brown or black, or fair or auburn; but will any one say the point is indifferent! Why, it is such things which determine for some women whether they are to be countesses! And not merely this; but good-looking people have everywhere a chance of being better liked than plain people. They are apt to be popular without any other attractive qualities, and with no trouble on their part; while it usually costs plain people a world of exertion merely to overcome the repugnance which is instinctively felt for them. Does this speak to externals being indifferent? Does it show the body to be of no sort of consequence? Alas! the very contrary. It should not be so; but it is so. The personal comes in to traverse and confound all our ideas of merit. We can't tell whether a man is to be more indebted to scientific attainments or to whiskers; or whether a young lady's prospects are most likely to be affected by her amiable character and good sense, or that peculiar dimple formed near the corner of her mouth when she smiles!

The world proclaims the inferiority of the personal; but I would just ask one question. Did it ever conspire to establish the equal importance of men of five and men of six feet? No such thing was ever heard of. And, accordingly, we see a man of five feet go through the world, a perpetual martyr to the injustice of his fellow-creatures. There is a full abstract admission of his equality; he counts as a "soul" in population returns and paragraphs about accidents, the same as the six-foot man; he is the same in the eye of the law, pays the same taxes, has alike his epitaph and elegy. But he is never the same in the reckoning of men. The gravest, the most gentle smile at the little man. With the rude he is the theme of perpetual jokes. His choice of a wife is narrowed to the small number of women inferior to himself in stature. Symptoms of self-esteem, which would be passed over unnoticed in other men, appear

monstrously ridiculous in him, though he has as good a right to stand well with himself as any giant of them all. Odd notions, or a shrill voice, or whimsical tastes, in his case excite ridicule and give birth to nicknames, where bigger men would escape. In fact, a man of unusually small stature is, from his cradle to his grave, under a difficulty unknown to other men. The dwarfishness is something always to be overcome in the first place, before he can start fair with other men. What is perhaps worst, he is unavoidably sensible of the involuntary demerit, and affected in his most ordinary conduct by a consideration of it. It drives him to do and say absurd things, in the desperate anxiety to get the better of it; and this makes him only be the more laughed at. Verily, the little man knows whether the frail corpus be of much consequence to a human being or not.

The plague of the personal is particularly seen in men whose main function in life is that of exercising the intellect. Men of mind, as I may call them comprehensively, ought not to have bodies at all. Bodies merely impede their operations. It is only the lowest and simplest form of this trouble, that literary men must eat, and that they have families who must eat also. Very sad, no doubt, are the vexations from this cause; alien and unsuitable tasks, hard drudging work, quarrels with grudging publishers. But there are higher and more sentimental evils which fine souls find still less endurable. The Spectator first remarked the prevalent desire to discover of a distinguished author whether he is a tall man or a short man, handsome or plain, and so forth. It is perhaps eminently natural, but must to many authors be extremely annoying. Seldom is the personal in such cases equal to the mind: often it is homely, blemished, insignificant. For such an author as he of Waverley to have men—ay, and women—coming to get a sight of his poor coil of flesh, and going away, saying, "What an ordinary-looking man he is! lame too!"—could not, one would think, but be vexing even to that placid being; or if it was not, it ought to have been so. For worship of the mental emanations to show itself in this meddling curiosity about the form of a visage or the hue of a complexion, is surely most unworthy. There is the work, most likely expressed from a teeming mind of superior native qualities, and not expressible from anything else—take it as it is, and be content with it, as one of God's good gifts to man—the personal has nothing to do with it. Perish this despicable personal altogether, beside the consideration of the mind's craft, which may indeed not be worth remembering ten years; for fashions change, and one man's good things supplant another's, but yet is *capable* of being preserved through all time.

For such reasons, I have sometimes thought it fortunate for certain authors that they have no biography. For only observe what a biography is. We learn from Pope's that he was crook-backed and spider-like, ill-natured, and over-fond of stewed lampreys. Now, is it not vexing to think of these personal matters attending forever the name of Pope and the admiration of his writings! How much better to be Homer, of whom nothing is certainly known whatever! We there worship the pure mind alone—a name, a word, being all that survives besides. This is the only right immortality, because thus only that continues to live which deserves to do so, or which mankind have any concern in seeing live. Shakespeare seems to have been amongst the most fortunate of modern authors

in this respect. He is, as I once had occasion to remark before, almost a mythic being. There are his six-and-thirty plays, as sound and fresh as composers and commentators could allow them to be: all of him that we have any real concern in possessing, we possess: all which he desired to see preserved, is preserved. The rest is fallen into the forgetfulness which befits it. Men will still puzzle after his personal facts—his worldly means, his style of living, his righteousness towards his wife, and whether she married again—but it is almost wholly in vain. A chinkless cloud-veil shrouds it all. Shakespeare has the happiness, as an immortal, to be only SHAKESPEARE! How different for poor Kit Marlow to have the ugly fact of his death in a base brawl ever staring his name in the face! How sad, in comparison, for Otway to be remembered as one choked in hunger by a roll! Literary biography in general is little better than a catalogue of human woes. It really is too bad that these poor sons of genius should both, for the most part, find no seats secured for them at the table where all who will work are fed, but also have their lustrous pages dimmed and blotted by the remembrance of their penurious miseries. Let us starve, they might say; but be our garrets and our rags consigned to oblivion. If there be any dignity to be attached to the product of our pens, let it not be profaned by details of our shabby personal existences.

It would even be better for readers, merely with a regard to their enjoyment of the writings of the immortals, if there were no such thing as literary biography. Regarding an author as only a voice, we should have a much greater interest in him and his works than otherwise. Perfectly abstracted from all these sorry particulars as to birth and death, bodily form, good or bad fortune, we should treat his writings more purely according to their merits, and love them for their own sake only. The imagination would in most cases make a much better biography for the author than his actual life could have furnished. In a case, for example, like that of Byron, we should be left free to surmise all kinds of unhappiness that ever were known, and others besides, for the mournful misanthropic spirit which shines through those verses. It would have been like the effect of that deep-cut word which arrests us in pacing the cloister at Worcester—*MISERERIMUS*—word more eloquent than volumes could be. Compared with a biography thus suggested, the *knowledge* that Byron had a maddish mother, that he proved incapable of the domestic virtues, and consequently got into bad terms with British society, and was forced to take refuge in a moody retirement on the continent, is worse than tame; it is destructive of all fine sentiment in the case. It is a strange fatality in us that compels our seeking for these personal details, and reading them in volumes quarto and octavo. We blindly rush to gratify a superficial feeling of the moment, and spoil forever the deeper and more abiding gratifications to be derived from the intellectual part of the man, if taken unconnectedly with the personal.

It is only another form of the same fatal curiosity which impels many persons to become what are called lion-hunters. Not content with receiving into their souls the divine thoughts which the gifted have been allowed to utter, they must run hither and thither for an opportunity of beholding the poor personality of the author, with all the blemishes which may rest upon it, so contrarious to the beauty of his intellectual being—to hear him speak,

perhaps, and in his tremor murder that English which he discourses so finely with his pen—or to watch him as he eats, and learn that his noble soul is attended by tastes utterly mean and trifling. Surely this is a sad perversity amongst the lovers of the intellectual. Far better it were to remain in ignorance of the paltry personal altogether, and allow ourselves to think of our favorite author only as an abstraction, or if in any tangible form at all, at the most as the book in which we read his thoughts.

"I have a fancy of my own,
And why should I undo it?"

These thoughts are almost whimsical, and are half meant to be so; but, after all, they point to a serious truth. The personal is inextricable, in our present form of being, from the mental, and it has, in many circumstances, an apparently exclusive importance. Yet, on all considerations really worth speaking of, the mind is what truly constitutes the man. It is not the tongue which speaks, or the eye that sees; it is the mind. It is not the body which drags us into error; it is the mind. And, accordingly, we may know what pretensions any one has to be a judge of his fellow-creatures, as we observe him tend more or less to estimate them according to material or immaterial peculiarities. The weak, the gross, the frivolous, fasten upon the tangible, and the tangible only. They see but in Pope the waspish little humpback; in Burns only the ploughman. The thoughtful and refined, on the contrary, speak little of any of these trivial particulars, but expatiate with generous ardor on the inner being, whence flow the winged and deathless words, and to which all else is but external and accidental.

From the Louisville Journal.

FOREST MELODIES.

I LOVE the fine old forest,
That for centuries hath stood,
And waved its lofty branches
Grandly in the solitude;
'Mid its glories and its graces,
A stately grandeur dwells;
And Nature's hand there traces
All her bright and magic spells.

Its shades are full of voices,
Ever ringing joyous out;
From its trembling whispered breathings,
To the storm's wild boisterous shout—
And its notes, so deeply thrilling,
From the dark recesses start,
And swell through ether, stilling
The quick beatings of the heart.

When the gorgeous robe of spring-time
Hath arrayed them in its green,
And the leaves are bright with dew-drops,
Glancing in the morning's sheen;
Then its full enchanting chorus
With a rapture we have heard,
For the songs are round and o'er us
Of each glad some forest bird.

Or when the sere of autumn
Hath fastened on the leaf,
And clad the summer glories
With the fading garb of grief;
One tearful strain of sorrow
Will thy songsters sadly chime,

Ere they flit upon the morrow
To some far and sunny clime.

We have heard the gentle zephyrs
Stealing through the waving boughs,
With a melody entrancing
As the maiden's whispered vows.
And the storm wind, as it rushes
In its wild and mad career,
The bravest bosom hushes
To a solemn awe and fear.

E'en the frosty reign of winter
Hath a cheerful minstrelsy,
As the ice of morning falleth
From the tall and stately tree.
And the heart can feel no power
In the poet's sweetest lay,
Like the music of the shower
In some summer's sultry day.

Oh! I love the brave old forest,
That for centuries hath stood,
And waved its lofty branches
Grandly in the solitude!
My home is in its bosom,
Where no human foot hath trod;
My companion, the wild blossom,
And my trust, in Nature's God.

NEW BOOKS AND RE-PRINTS.

Parrot's Journey to Ararat.—This book, just published by Harper & Brothers, gives an intelligent account of a visit made by Professor Parrot, to Armenia and Georgia. The writer is a diligent German inquirer, and his book is well worth placing in our libraries. It is illustrated by a map of Armenia, Georgia, and the contiguous regions.—*Ev. Post.*

The readers of the *Living Age* will find an account of this book at page 272 of volume viii.

The Farmer's Dictionary; a Vocabulary of the Technical Terms recently introduced into Agriculture and Horticulture, from various sciences; and also a Compendium of Practical Farming. The latter chiefly from the works of the Rev. W. L. Rham, London, Low & Youatt; and the most eminent American Authors. Edited by D. P. Gardner, M. D. With numerous illustrations.

This is a very thick and very handsome duodecimo volume, and appears to be full of useful matter. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Lee's Dictionary of Practical Medicine has reached Part 13, and letter I.

The Fairy Book Illustrated, is published also by Harper & Brothers. It is handsomely got up, both in regard to the paper, the type, and the engravings, which are executed by Adams. The stories are the good old traditional ones which have amused children for centuries—such as Blue Beard, Prince Cherry, Beauty and the Beast, &c. There is an entertaining preface, said to be contributed by one of our finest scholars and most agreeable writers.

Mahan's Civil Engineering—Wiley & Putnam have published in an octavo volume "An Elementary Course of Civil Engineering," by D. H. Mahan, professor of Military and Civil Engineering in the Military Academy at West Point. It is a very full treatise on the various materials employed in civil engineering, the various forms of construction, and their principles. It was compiled for the use of the institution in which the author is a professor.